CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS

1847.

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CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS,

AND

NEW YEAR'S WREATH,

FOR 1847.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS & SAMPSON.

1847.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846,

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the publishers of this little volume determined upon the production of a Christmas and New Year's Present for the very young, they resolved to put in practice the precept, that "whatever it is worth while to do, it is worth while to do well;" and, in order to secure their object, they have not hesitated to invoke the aid of higher talent than is usually engaged upon works intended expressly for the amusement of children. They trust that the book itself will furnish sufficient evidence of their success in carrying out this principle.

The illustrations are all from the burin of Mr. Sartain, whose well-established reputation renders commendation from us unnecessary; and the editor is one whose warm affection for children, and thorough acquaintance with their feelings and habits of thought, peculiarly fit him for a task of acknowledged difficulty—the adaptation of sound moral precept, and really valuable information, to the vivacious and variable mind of childhood.

Parents will discover in this book no false positions to

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pervert the judgment of their offspring, and no intense excitements tending to render them, in after life, the unhappy victims of a diseased imagination; while our young friends will find in Uncle Thomas one who will put up with all their natural pertness and inquisitiveness, while endeavouring to make them better and wiser men. We hope that they will enjoy many opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance of the old gentleman hereafter; for, although he has grown gray and grave, *and very wise*, he carries a young heart in his bosom, and still takes as much delight in rolling heels over head down a green grass bank on a May-day, with a troop of romping boys, as he was used to do when he carried a satchel, and sighed for a holiday, at twelve years of age.

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CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS.

THE LITTLE HUNTER.

A STORY ABOUT DOGS.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

People tell us that dogs have no souls, and most people would have us believe that they cannot reason, although every body is willing to allow that they possess instincts far more perfect than those of other animals. Now I have always been inclined to think, that if dogs had the power to speak in their own defence, they might make out a very good claim to many of the reasoning faculties, as well as the virtues and vices of those who, having the argument all in their own hands, are able to prove their case, without danger of contradiction.

Look at that proud little fellow in our frontispiece; just look at him! It is bonnie wee Malcomb Mac-

donald, the son of the Captain, who is fighting in India, and the grandson of the venerable old Colonel, whose mansion stands almost in the shadow of the ancient castle, up on the hill there, to the right of the lawn. Bonnie wee Malcomb teased his father for a hunting horn, just before he went over the big seas, to meet those long-haired, dark-faced, fierce-looking people who wear turbans, and dress more like women than men, but fight like tigers.

His father looked at his mother inquiringly, and said, "Why the young dog will blow you out of house and hall!" But his grandpa promptly replied: "Ye need na tak heed to the noise, Dougald; we'd stand a' that, an' waur, rather than check the bairn's likin: sure ye wad na say him nay, jist as ye'r gangin awa an' awa, mon, and it may be for aye!"

So wee Malcomb got his hunting horn, and his father went over the seas; and many a time would the tears steal down the cheek of his mother, when she heard the harsh grating of Malcomb's horn screeching through the wide apartments and long passages of the mansion; for it reminded her of the parting scene. How often old Luath, the watch-dog, howled in concert with the rude music; perhaps

indulging in similar recollections! And the Colonel often stopped his ears, and smiled as he replied to the old housekeeper's complaint of the "stunnin blather an riotin:" "Ah! weal, weal, Nannie, ye ken that his great great grandsire, the auld Laird, was an unco good han' at houn' an horn; its naethin ither than the memory of days lang syne—lang, lang ere he was born—that comes a-ringin in the laddie's ears, like the soun' fra the lin when the kelpie is ravin, heard fra' miles awa, o' a still night; or maybe, the tinglin of the auld bluid of the Macdonalds' settin his young veins afire: Let him alone, Nannie! Let him gang his ain gate. It's a braw sodjer he'll mak when he's ane and twenty!"

Look at him, reader, be you young or old. Look at those bold, cheerful, hazel eyes, and the glossy chestnut curls, letting the daylight through their edges, like sunshine through stems of coral. Look at the firm determination of the left arm, holding the dog in leash, and the proud mastery of the left foot, resting upon the humbled head of the monster who might almost eat him at a meal. See the triumph of the right hand, tossing the cap in air. Look at this picture, and declare whether, if you were his grandpa,

you could be more severe in restraining him, or less tolerant of the thousand annoyances produced by his wild pranks and noise.

But our present business is less closely connected with "bonnie wee Malcomb," than with his big black dog; and our most interesting subject of investigation is, whether the said black dog was a reasonable dog or an unreasoning brute, as most people would have us to believe. Well, then, let us see.

The Captain had been gone for several months, when Malcomb, towards the evening of a beautiful autumnal day, came springing into the drawing-room, winding a most terrific blast upon his bugle: "Oh, grandpa! I want to go a-hunting; do tell Sandie the keeper to saddle my little pony, and let out the hounds; I saw a whole troop of deer on the mountain side, and there's one little fawn among them that I want for a pet: do tell him to let the hounds out, grandpa; I want to go *now*—right away!"

"A huntin', Malcomb! Sure the bairnie's clean daft and demented," exclaimed the Colonel. "Na! na! Malcomb; huntin's the trade o' men, and no' of bairns. Why, a stout buck at bay would toss ye and yer tiny pony both thegither, as high as the black

bull tossed the auld laird's harper, when he went into the pen to charm him, because somebody tauld him about a Greek minstrel that used to make rocks and stones dance to music, like livin' lads an' lasses, and he swore that if a foreign Greek, and no Christian withal, could charm rocks and stones, it was hard indeed if the best harper in Scotland could na' charm neat cattle! Wait till ye are grown, lad! When ye can charm auld Luath, the savagest watch-dog in the Hielands, to come at yer beck and do yer biddin', it 'll be time enough to prate about the chase, laddie!"

Now Luath well deserved the character given him by the Colonel. He sprang from a cross between the hound and the mastiff; and was so fierce that his name was a terror to the neighbourhood.

"Hush, or I'll let Luath loose on ye," was the threat by which the cottage mothers silenced refractory children for miles around. No one about the mansion, except the gamekeeper, dared to approach him even for the purpose of feeding; and this official invariably used the precaution of being armed with a heavy whip when he loosed the dog at night, or tied him to a staple in the wall, before the family rose in

the morning. The regular duty of this redoubtable guardian, was to protect the delicate exotic fruits which the Colonel reared, as a matter of pride, at great expense. To secure these valuables against the depredations of the neighbouring peasantry, Luath was nightly set free within the high garden wall, over which it was impossible for him to escape; but during the day, his station was by the gate of the lodge, where his heavy bay gave early notice of the approach of strangers, to the residents of the mansion. Never but twice, since he arrived at the age of canine maturity, had Luath enjoyed an hour of unrestrained liberty; and on one of these occasions the experiment cost the life of a cow; while in the other case, the breaking of his chain rendered an unfortunate ploughman a pensioner for life upon the justice of the Colonel.

These facts, our bonnie wee Malcomb had repeatedly heard, and he never had passed the lair of the ferocious creature without fear and trembling, even when riding with his parents; but the good old Colonel miscalculated the energy of an unchecked will, in a spoiled child almost five years old; and, proud as he was of the hereditary courage of his clan,

he was no philosopher, and did not suspect how very early in life the peculiarities of a family may display themselves in the mere infant. The Macdonalds were always fond of having their own way, and were never known to turn their backs on danger, when there was any thing to be gained in the way of glory by facing it. Wee Malcomb felt his dignity very much outraged by the slight thrown by his grandfather upon his abilities: he thought the Colonel disparaged his prowess unjustly; for his mother had often told him that he was a very manly boy; so he retired from the presence of the brave old highlander, with an indignant eye and a pouting lip, muttering in a very low tone, "If I can go hunting as easily as I can tame old Luath, I'll soon do that, at any rate;" and slipping out at the hall door, he tripped away towards the lodge.

There was high courage in the boy's eye, as he approached the dog's lair; but when, within a furlong of his station, he saw the fierce beast spring towards him to the utmost length of his tether, the child turned pale: yet he thought not of retreat, but advanced boldly towards the animal, though the hair of the creature's back was bristling like the quills of the

porcupine, his long fangs shining like ivory from beneath the curtain of his left lip, as it curled in anger, and the low stern growl came like the sound of distant thunder from the depth of his enormous chest.

"Luath, I have come to tame you!" said the intrepid child, marching directly up to the very nose of the monster, with his arms akimbo, and his bonnet set jauntily aside: and, strange to say, he was not bitten. Luath ceased to rear upon his hind-legs and strain at the cord, when he found that the enemy had no intention to avoid him; and being a prudent dog, though fiery, he seemed to think it his duty to await the developement of circumstances. Still preserving the bristling rectitude of his mane, but relaxing his growl into a species of puppyish grumble, somewhere between suspicion and contempt, he lowered his head almost to the ground, casting his eyes upward and askance, with a surly look, as if guarding against treachery, and applied his nose carefully to the investigation of the shoes and stockings of his little visiter, extending the same scrutiny in succession to every part of the child's attire, until at length he fairly thrust his muzzle full in Malcomb's face, gave a snuff and a snort, and smoothing down

the roughness of his coat, turned round, walked quietly up to the wall, and laid himself down with the dignified air of a dog of some importance, who feels that he has taken a good deal of trouble for nothing.

"I told you that I came to tame you, Luath," cried the little Highlander, as he advanced promptly to the staple, and commenced untying the leash that tethered the animal. The dog snarled terribly, and rising, sprang towards the spot; but the boy, with the fearlessness of ignorance, which the world very generally mistakes for courage, continued his task without paying the least attention to this formal protest against all interference with the instrument of his slavery, which Luath, after the fashion of nobler beings, had come, by long habit, to regard as one of his vested rights.

Cool impudence often disarms opposition; for the man who finds his privileges invaded by one who behaves as if he were occupied in the regular discharge of his duty, is driven, as if by instinct, to doubt the justice of his own claims, or suspects, at least, the presence of some more powerful agent, behind the scenes, against whom it may be necessary to guard with prudence, before assaulting the imme-

diate trespasser. Something like a feeling of this nature probably prevented Luath from defending that portion of his property which bound him to the soil, and prevented him from becoming a travelled puppy, after the example of his betters. Be this as it may, the utter indifference of our little hero completely confounded his canine conclusions, and he remained snuffing about the premises with a look like that of a statesman in a quandary, which seems to say, "I understand your purpose perfectly, therefore be kind enough to explain yourself at once!"

At last the cord was unloosed, and Malcomb exclaimed, "Now, Luath, let us be off after the deer; but take care that you do not hurt them. Grandpa says I am too young to hunt, but we'll show him, won't we?"

As the child walked away, the dog smelt at the cord; then applied his olfactories to the ring; then shook his head with a cognizant air, gave his tail two or three whisks, indicative of grave satisfaction, and, with a sudden spring, bounded away over the lawn, towards the copse that skirted a deep ravine, upon the mountain side, on the right of the old castle.

Bonnie wee Malcomb found, as many an older hero

has found before, that those who free the habitual slave, in the hope of guiding him to useful purpose, are usually compelled to follow, where they designed to lead; for, the trade of freedom requires an apprenticeship as long and tedious as any other honourable profession. Too late, he trembled for the consequences of his rash act; and visions of worried cows and mutilated peasants rose before him, young as he was, with no very enlivening effect. He could have cried; but he was a Macdonald, and hardly knew how to set about it: a full-blooded Highlander is almost as awkward in that childish occupation as an Indian papoose: so away he went to the copse, calling out, "Stop, stop, Luath! That's not the way! The deer are over on the other hill!" But Luath was in no humour to stop.

Into the woods plunged hound and hunter; and, exhilarated by his novel freedom, the dog set up a cry between a bark and a howl, that made the forest ring again. Fortunately, there was neither quadruped nor biped at large in this direction, to excite the belligerent propensities of the ferocious beast; and regarding the whole affair as a matter of sport and not of duty, he gave himself up to an enjoyment the

more delightful for its rarity. Leaping from thicket to thicket, and doubling in all directions upon his course, ever and anon he would suddenly appear directly in front of his young master, spring up within an inch of his face, utter his low, short bark of salutation, and at the next moment, his deep voice would be heard far away in the distance. Malcomb strove in vain to seize the leash whenever he approached; but, with a look of demure cunning, the creature always managed so to conduct this inconvenient appendage as to elude his grasp.

At length, exhausted with the fruitless chase, and suddenly recollecting that there appeared to be some magical connexion between the sound of the horn and the government of hounds, he seated himself upon a mossy rock, and commenced a long, harsh blast upon his little bugle. Dogs are never insensible to music, and the more execrable the performance, the more marked is, usually, the effect. Old Luath instantly arrested his career, and raising his half-open muzzle towards the setting sun, stood howling under the infliction, in a manner which did great honour to his critical taste; and while thus employed, in an ecstacy that seemed to bewilder his senses, and

unnerve his strength, wee Malcomb, cautiously advancing, seized the cord.

"Ha! I have caught you at last, have I? I have been following you long enough; now you shall follow me. Come along!" And the boy began to draw the dog towards the edge of the lawn.

Meanwhile the horrible din of the two musical performers had reached the lodge. The alarmed porter, recognising both the sounds, and horror-struck at finding the hound at liberty, rushed to the mansion to give the alarm. The idea of any human being, except the gamekeeper, being within the power of the liberated monster, was sufficient to terrify the stoutest heart.

"Oh maister, maister! Auld Luath has parted his tie, and the bonnie wee maister and he are baith down by the burnie's side thegither. Wae's me! wae's me! and its wae for the house of Macdonald!"

The mother fainted; the old Colonel seized his sword; the domestics were summoned in haste: one came with a broomstick, another laid hold of the poker, a third snatched up the tongs; and away they flew to the skirt of the lawn, expecting to find poor Malcomb torn to pieces by the savage brute.

And how were Malcomb and the dog engaged during these eventful moments?

Luath followed his guide with considerable complacency, until he caught, through the leaves, a glance at the sparkling waters that flowed along the bottom of the ravine. Down the rocky descent, which, fortunately, was not very long or steep at this place, the dog insisted on marching; nor were all Malcomb's efforts sufficient to check him: so the leader was again compelled to follow, not without risk to his neck and limbs, until the animal had slaked his thirst; when, turning about with a patronising air, and a very sudden movement of the head, he returned his acknowledgments for his master's courtesy in playing the attendant, after the peculiar fashion of his race, by applying the broad, rough surface of his tongue to either cheek of the lad; for which outrage upon the dignity of a Macdonald, he received a severe box on the ear from our little hero.

It was just at this juncture that the sound of distant halloos and shouts, in which "Malcomb! Malcomb, laddie!" "Young Maister Malcomb!" &c., began to rouse the echoes in the forest beyond the ravine. Old Luath bristled, and growled; but in-

stead of dashing forward to assault the intruders, he commenced ascending the rocks in the opposite direction, with a stately and deliberate march, almost dragging the child after him, to the no small relief of the now wearied boy.

Having reached the level, grassy surface, down by the stunted oak, where the lawn projected for some distance between the sheer descent of the mountain on the one hand and the ravine upon the other, the considerate beast described two or three circles around his master, and then quietly laid himself down on the grassy turf. For want of a more convenient resting-place, bonnie wee Malcomb seated himself upon the body of the savage dog—who made not the slightest objection to the proceeding—and, wiping his brow upon his plaid, commenced hallooing lustily in answer to the agitated domestics in the woods.

It was not long before the reconnoitring party emerged from the shade of the copse on the opposite side of the ravine, and stood horror-stricken at the sight of their young master seated upon the back of the terrible beast that none would have dared to approach unarmed. Even the gamekeeper, who, with his fowling-piece heavily charged, had joined the

group, turned pale; and, until the old Colonel hobbled up, panting and weary, from the thicket, not a man dared to stir or speak.

The Colonel gave a glance at the situation of his grandchild, and groaned deeply as he muttered, "Weal, weal! The scriptures of truth have said that the lion and the lamb should lie down thegither, but I ne'er thought my een should see the heir o' the Macdonalds sittin' on the back of the ravenin' wolf! Saundie," he said to the gamekeeper, "ye maun strive and grapple the brute by the tether, and save the child, when we draw near;" then raising his voice to the highest pitch, he called out:

"Malcomb! ye offspring of the deil; come hither to yer grandpa! come this instant!"

But, instead of obeying the command, the young hunter cried; "Down, Luath! down, I say!" and striking the condescending beast repeatedly, succeeded at last in inducing him to bring his muzzle to the ground. Then winding the leash firmly round his left wrist, and rising, he planted his foot on the head of the monster, and, tossing his right hand high in air, waved his richly feathered bonnet in triumph over the seeming slave of his caprice.

The crowd now rushed round the head of the ravine, and came rapidly to the rescue; but the drama was not yet ended. On their approach, old Luath rose in the majesty of his wrath, erected his mane, and commenced walking slowly about bonnie wee Malcomb, in a regular circle, bounded by the length of his cord. As the enemy drew near, one by one, according to their speed in the race, they found themselves checked at a respectful distance by a thundering growl and the profile of a long range of pearly fangs, saluting them at every attempt to approach the charmed ring. The gamekeeper alone, presuming upon long-established authority, advanced with his weapon clubbed; but the animal sprang at his throat with the utmost ferocity, and would have torn him in pieces, had not the boy exerted his utmost strength upon the cord, to hold the creature back. Even as it was, Malcomb was overturned in the struggle; but, foiled in his first spring, Luath, instead of pursuing the discomfited gamekeeper, leaped suddenly back to his prostrate guide, and began a rapid renewal of his peculiar tokens of affection upon the cheeks and hands of the child.

As soon as things were restored to their former

position, the gamekeeper levelled his piece at the hound; but the Colonel coming up at the moment, ordered him to desist.

"Na, na, Saundie! It 'll no be canny to harm the beast, seein' that the beast wad na harm the bairn. Ye may kill him in fair fight when ye like, if he should brak his tether; but noo he's a prisoner on parole, an' ye maun na touch a hair o' his head. Malcomb, ye young deil, sin' ye have bewitched the houn' wi' yer glamourie, ye maun e'en guide him to the lodge, and fasten him there, for ther's na anither on the hillside dare approach him save yersel'!"

Malcomb called the dog, and patting him on the head, marched off towards the lodge, attended by his canine companion; the remainder of the troop closing the rear, and regularly warned of the danger of undue familiarity, by an ominous snarl on the slightest encroachment. Arriving at the staple in the wall, he properly secured the tether; the dog, in the mean while, curling his lip into a puppyish smile, while his nose gave evidence of thorough understanding, and his tail waved briskly in token of beastly approbation. The work completed, the little hunter turned to meet the terror-stricken group, who stood in silent

semicircle round the place, and old Luath, leaping close to his face, gave out his appropriate *good-bye* in a short, quick bark, much like the guttural ejaculation of our American Indian, when suddenly surprised into an interjection of wonder.

"Now, grandpa," cried bonnie wee Malcomb, as he sprang into the old man's arms, "I have tamed the dog and made him do my bidding: Tell Saundie to saddle my pony, to-morrow morning, for I mean to go hunting, and I've shown you that I'm more of a man than you thought me; have I not?"

"Gude guide us! Ye daft little son of yer ain father,—to say naethin' o' the auld laird, an' the white-headed fule that was the auld laird's son,—ye are no' the first by mony an ain, that has ruled the great by the force of unkemp't impudence, and prided themselves upon their power, when, like a king's jester, they owed a' their glory and their hale banes to the mere condescension of the strang. There's mair brains an' discreetion in yon beast's noddle, than is e'er likely to gather into that curly head o' yer ain, till it looks like a muir in a snow-flurry, wi' the frosts o' age! But naetheless ye are a true Macdonald, an' sae God bless ye!"

TO A CHILD PLAYING WITH A ROSARY.

BY T. B. READ.

Would you be a nun,
Pretty one?
Oh, tell us, gentle Alice,
Would you seek a cloister dim?
Would you dash aside life's chalice
While there's pleasure on the brim?
Would you be a nun,
Pretty one?

Would you be a nun,
Pretty one?
Would you seek a dusky chamber,
With its cold and naked walls,
Where, from April to December,
Ne'er a ray of sunlight falls?
Would you be a nun,
Pretty one?

Would you be a nun,
Pretty one?
Oh, think not, gentle Alice,
From all pleasure you could fly;
A prison were a palace,
In the sunshine of your eye!
You *could* not be a nun,
Pretty one!

BEAUTIFUL KATE.

To you, my dear nieces, who are now living, and are yet in the pride of youth and life, to you and to your daughters, should you ever marry, do I dedicate this sad but true story of beautiful Kate Stanley and poor Will Withers. As a warning, I bequeath it to you, never to play upon a heart that truly loves you.

And now I think I hear you exclaim, "Why dedicate a story of this kind to us? Had you not better have told some tale of the kind to your nephews? They are more likely to break hearts than we girls. We have heard you say, dear aunt, that men do not often die for love, but you never said that girls did not."

"All this may be very true, my dears; but listen to my warning tale, and then tell me, on your consciences, if it may not be of service to some of you. But, perhaps, after having heard it, you may say, 'This narrative never can bear upon us; it relates

to persons in a grade of life so much lower than that we move in.'

"True; but this story is a true one, and happened just as I tell it; human nature is the same in all gradations of rank—from the duchess to the dairy-maid, from the duke to the dustman."

And you, my nephews, be not jealous, although this is dedicated to the female part of our family. Depend upon it, I shall find something equally applicable to you, when rummaging in my portfolio among records of bygone occurrences. But, indeed, young gentlemen and ladies, I cannot parley with you any longer, so shall take my leave of you for the present: and now to my story.

John Stanley, the father of Kate, was a carpenter in a country town in the north of England, and Will's father was a mason in the same place. Carpenters and masons in small country towns, in the eighteenth century, were very different persons from what they are in this "building age." They were poor, but generally honest, respectable men.

Kate and Will were each the only child of their parents—at least, the only ones that lived. Kate was always lovely: when a baby, no one ever saw her

without exclaiming, "What a sweet creature!" "What a pretty little dear!" being sure to express their admiration in some way or other. When she was about four or five years old, none ever spoke of her but as "Pretty Kate Stanley," and, when speaking to her, calling her "Pretty Kate," or "Pretty-face."

Will was two or three years older than Kate, and from her birth might be said to love her. Hour after hour would he with his little hands rock her cradle, and, when she began to toddle about, how carefully would he lead her by the hand! And the lovely little girl was as fond of him. "I want Willy!" was the first sentence she lisped. When she was eight or ten years old, they went to the same school, about a mile from their homes; for only a garden separated their parents' houses; and the school was at the end of the long, straggling street. Willy always carried her basket with her dinner for her, and brought her safe home in the evening.

All the gossips in the place had foretold from their infancy that in time they would be "man and wife." And what a handsome couple they would make! for Will was a fine, noble, handsome boy. His counte-

nance was open and generous; and his eyes, beaming with inexpressible good nature, won the regard of all who looked on him. His dark, curling hair contrasted well with the ruddy hue of health which overspread his face.

Beautiful Kate! How soon did you begin to practise the airs of a beauty, and tyrannize over poor Will! Even before they left school, the young flirt would not always let him walk by her side, or carry her basket, but would either carry it herself, or permit some other lad to do it. And how patiently did he bear all her little tormenting ways, though they made his heart ache! But then he always thought she loved him, and he could bear any thing from her.

When she was sixteen, it was still worse. Sometimes she behaved kindly to him—at others, took every opportunity to vex him. For instance; when he was waiting to accompany her and her mother home from church, she would contrive to get out at the other door, and walk along with Tom Barnes and his sister: in short, she had all the coquettish ways of a spoiled beauty.

I will now endeavour to describe her face and person as she appeared at seventeen. In height she was

rather above the middle size, and so finely formed that she might have sat as a model for one of the Graces. She was delicately fair, and had a most lovely bloom; it was not that coarse colour which country girls generally have—oh, no! it was the soft, rich tint of the opening rose, and went and came with every emotion of her mind. Her hair was a light brown, soft and bright as silk; her teeth, mouth, and nose were the very perfection of beauty; but her eyes—how can I describe her eyes! so tender and yet so roguish—in colour rather darker than her hair; her eyelashes were very long and dark, and curled up towards her arched eyebrows, which were likewise darker than her hair.

She also had that most rare beauty, a pretty hand and arm, for they had never been spoiled with hard labour. Her mother did the household work, while Kate spun, and made all their clothing, and knit all their stockings. She was an industrious girl; so lively, and, in general, so good-tempered, that she was the very doating-piece of all the neighbours.

Kate's dress was a tammy gown of the finest texture, the colour either a bright green or blue. She never would turn her hair over a roll, as the little silk

cushion was called that was then worn; no—she wore it as she had done from early childhood, simply parted from the centre, from whence it lay in glossy waves on her fair forehead, and, being put back just below the temples, mingled with her hind-hair, which, escaping from beneath her pretty little mob-cap, fell in rich natural ringlets on her neck. Her hat—all females then wore hats of the same shape (I believe they were called the milkmaid's hat), the brim being of a moderate size, quite round, and altogether nearly flat, the crown not being more than an inch and a half high. Kate always trimmed hers with two rows of puffed ribbon. They were worn rather forward, and, instead of being tied under the chin, as at present, the ribbon that confined the sides down formed a bow at the back of the head; and whose ribbon so smart as Kate's! for every lad saved his money that he might bring pretty Kate a ribbon from the fair.

Oh, Kate! lovely Kate! as thou wert fairest among women, so mightest thou have been one of the best and happiest, had it not been for that vile demon of coquetry, ever inciting thee to vex and torment him

whom thou didst love beyond all others, and who did indeed love thee, not "wisely, but too well."

At eighteen Kate was chosen queen of the May, and Will was chosen king. Seldom have there been seen so handsome a king and queen: for Will was as handsome a man as Kate was a woman. She looked every inch a queen—for did not the young ladies at the Hall make her dress, and help to adorn her! and every one agreed that never before had there been (nor do I think there has since) so gay a May-day festival. There is no doubt it is remembered to this day by the Tickhill people, should any be now living who were present at it.

The day was delightful, and the procession, headed by the king and queen, was most beautiful. First in order was the music—the full band from Doncaster had arrived to grace the scene; immediately following it was carried the milk kit, completely covered with lovely flowers. In that northern clime, it is true, flowers are not so bounteously supplied in the earlier part of spring, as in those enjoying a more genial temperature; but the season was more than usually forward, and all the gardens in the neighbourhood had been culled, and contributed their choicest pro-

duce. Many beautiful exotics were sent from the Hall conservatory, or greenhouse, as it was always called in those days. And then to see the plate shining amidst the flowers! There were curiously enchased cups, cream vases, cream jugs, and, in short, every article that could be thought of as used for the produce of the dairy; and the whole so gracefully arranged, the flowers so well contrasted, that it was more than guessed who had superintended and directed the kit-dressing. Next after the kit came the king and queen, followed by a select number of young men and maidens, all in their very best holiday costume, and each pair carrying a garland and wreath alternately.

A concourse of people had come from far and near to see the procession, and to be present at this anticipated festival. All was joyousness and gayety. Exhilaration seemed to take possession of every breast, and the day was not more sunny than appeared the faces of all engaged in this interesting pageant. It was, however, afterwards remembered that, as Kate walked by the side of Will, she could not forbear giving him many a sly look, as much as to say, "Don't be too sure of me yet." After they had

gratified all admiring eyes, and paraded and tired themselves to their hearts' content, the king and queen and all the procession repaired to the Hall, by special invitation, to partake of refreshment, and conclude the evening with a dance on the lawn in front of the house. And, though I fain would linger yet awhile amidst this scene of beauty, love, and happiness, yet it may not be—I dare not dwell too long on this bright scene of rural pleasure: delay as we may, time will not stay; and, although 'tis pleasant to indulge in all the dreamy delights of bygone recollections, yet the longest day must have an end, which reminds me that I must now return to my story. They all retired to their peaceful homes about ten o'clock, thoroughly satisfied with their day's pleasure.

Soon after this Will urged his suit more boldly, when Kitty said, "Dost thou think I'll ever marry ony one wi' a deformed foot like thine? If thou couldst get rid o' that deformity, I might think about it." Now the deformity she quarrelled with was merely this: the large toe on one of his feet being bent, caused a rising up of the joint, which was seen through his shoe. Will made no answer, but, the next morning, went into his father's workshop, pulled

off shoe and stocking, took a chisel and hammer, and, before any one was aware what he was going to do, struck off his toe just above the offending joint! He then bound it up, and kept in doors until the stump was healed, begging that no person would tell Kate what he had done, but, if she inquired after him, to say "he was not well." At the end of a month he walked into Stanley's house in a new pair of shoes, and, going up to Kate, said that "he now trusted she would have him, as he had lost the deformed toe." She seemed much affected at the time, and every body thought that Will would now soon carry off his prize. However, in less than a month, she told him she never would have him, and wondered how he could ever think she would.

He left her in despair. He then went into his father's yard, and took two large stones, chiselled a groove in each, went to the mill-dam, tied the stones round his neck, and jumped in. Poor, poor Will! A man saw him throw himself into the pool, but was at too great a distance to prevent him. His corpse was not found until some hours afterwards.

I have seen the place where he plunged in; and, though the rest of the stream is perfectly clear, that

particular spot is black and turbid. It is called "Will's Pool" to this day.

The coroner's verdict was insanity. Six aged men, friends of his father, bore him to the grave, and six of his own young companions walked before, bearing a white garland. All said there never had been so beautiful a garland hung up in the church as that for him; it had a pair of white kid gloves suspended from the middle.

It was entirely covered with white natural flowers; there were white roses, white pinks, white lilies, and white jasmine. They said poor Will did not rest, for the gloves kept constantly moving. I have watched them myself (for our pew had a full view of the garlands), and it did appear as if it was so.

And Kitty! what said she, when tidings of Will's death reached her? At first she tried to brave it out; but it would not do. She never held her head up after, as folks said, but pined away, and would scarcely ever be persuaded to leave her room. There she sat, talking to Will's shoe; though how she got it none could tell. Tears of bitter grief would course each other slowly down her pallid cheeks; her eyes lost their lustre, but not their loveliness; for, even

altered as she was, none could look on her without being struck at the beautiful ruin of what was once so very lovely, and with a sigh declare that "Death had marked her for his own."

If she thought the church door was open, she would rush out, and, darting through it, fix her earnest gaze upon poor Will's garland, and, stretching forth her still beautiful hands, cry, "Rest thee, Willy, rest thee! I am coming to thee; and *then* I know that thou wilt rest!" And she did indeed soon follow him; for, on that very day twelvemonth that poor Will Withers was buried, was beautiful Kate, the pride of Tickhill, borne to her grave; and they hung up a garland for her close by Will's, and, strange to say, the gloves in Will's never moved after. I suppose that Kitty's garland obstructed some trifling current of air, that used to move them. However, be that as it may, the garlands now rest; and peace and rest to thee, poor Will! and to beautiful Kitty, peace!

THE OLD HORSE.

T'OTHER evening I strolled down the shady green lane,
All with eglantine arched overhead ;
Where the hare comes her sweet dewy supper to pick,
And the banks are with wild-flowers jewelled so thick,
And the turf is so soft to the tread.

The woodman's old horse, when his harness is off,
Comes thither, with hunger sore pressed ;
But so weary, he scarce crops a mouthful or so,
Then heaves a deep sigh, with his head hanging low,
And sinks down supinely to rest.

And there, t'other evening, stretched out in my path,
All across it, poor creature, he lay :
"Never mind, honest Jack, take your comfort," I said,
"You've worked very hard for your old master's bread,
All the hours I've idled away !"

THE PET DEER

As my nephew Charlie was reading the other day, the tale about the Little Hunter, that I told you at the beginning of the Summer, he turned to me suddenly, and said:

"Uncle, is it true, or did you make it up out of your own head?"

I have always been very careful to avoid leading my nieces and nephews to regard the strict observance of the truth in any other than the most serious light; so, in replying to this simple question, I was obliged to use considerable care, and what I said to them is very much like an apology.

"Now, my boy," said I, "there are [illegible] that are strictly true, and describe [illegible] actually occurred, yet which never [illegible] to the world, because they [illegible]

THE PET DEER.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

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"Charlie, my boy," said I, "there are a great many tales that are strictly true, and describe events as they actually occurred, yet which never should have been told to the world, because they are calcu-

lated only to make the reader either wicked or unhappy. Lawyers and judges, and influential people, are unfortunately compelled to study the vices, as well as the virtues of mankind, because it is their business to make, to administer, or to support the laws by which such vices are prevented from bringing ruin upon society: but this necessity is far from being a blessing to them; it is, indeed, a sad misfortune. Such knowledge cannot make them either better or happier, though it may enable them to prevent others from being made *worse* by the unpunished example of the criminal, or from becoming the dupes of those who are ever ready to prey upon the innocent.

"Under wise laws, well administered, it is the happy privilege of most persons to remain in ignorance of many truths, without suffering by their want of knowledge. It is a great mistake to suppose that all kinds of learning make men wise:—

"The father of lies was once nearest, in heaven, to the highest;—he was second in knowledge only to the Infinite; yet, 'Oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!'

"There are thousands of facts, which, in our happy

land, women and children are not obliged to know; and it is for this very reason that they are here acknowledged to be the best and most lovely portion of creation. Let them ever remember the precept,

"'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!'

"But it is only when a story, a tale, or lecture relates to the passions, the vices, and the grosser follies of the human heart, that this rule applies. Tales of the operation of the laws of nature, or the play of animal instincts, and pictures of domestic life and morals, extend our knowledge in a manner which increases our happiness and enlarges our sphere of usefulness in every instance. Excepting the wickedness of the human heart, there is no study, no science, which may not be pursued with pleasure and profit by the most delicate female, or the most artless child; for all such studies lift the thoughts 'from nature up to nature's God.' Nor is it a matter of any consequence, so far as morality is concerned, whether *truths* of this character are taught by plain narratives of facts as they have actually occurred, or by fictitious stories, in which they are collected together into a

more pleasing form, and one that makes a deeper impression on the memory.

"Some very excellent people have a horror of reading a novel, which results from an ignorance that does not increase their happiness; such novels as Milton's Paradise Lost, or Thomson's Seasons, never harmed any one who has read them."

"Why, uncle!" exclaimed Charlie, "do you call those novels? I thought they were poems!"

"True," I replied, "the 'Paradise Lost' is an epic poem; and, as no epic poem ever written contains any thing like a simple narrative of historical events, such works may be regarded as little else than mere novels in rhyme. 'Thomson's Seasons' is a poem of a different character; yet it certainly contains several little novels, some of which are not very delicate or refined.

"But, if you object to my applying the term novel to works written in rhyme, I may say that a great deal of good, and no evil whatever, can be derived, even by the most innocent little boy or girl, from many novels written in prose. This may be safely said of 'Sanford and Merton,' 'The Son of a Genius,' and many others intended expressly for the young;

nor could reasonable objection be made to several of the stories of Walter Scott, or to some of those written by our countryman, Cooper.

"My 'Little Hunter' is a fiction, or a novel, though it tells nothing but truth. I do not know that there ever was just such a child as bonnie wee Malcomb, or just such a hound as Luath, but the story is *true* to the nature of a Highland child and a Highland watch-dog; so I plead not guilty to telling any *fib* in writing it. A picture, not copied from an actual scene, but aided by fancy, is a fiction; but no one would dream of taxing the painter with the crime of falsehood, in drawing it."

"But, uncle," said Charlie, "you have often told me that there were more minds ruined by novels than by any other kind of reading. How, then, am I to know the good from the bad?"

"I rather think," said I, "that you will be obliged to trust to my judgment or your father's, in determining that question; for though I may give you the rule, you will scarcely be able to apply it. When it is the object of a story to teach some great moral truth, to describe the scenery or manners of any country, or to illustrate any particular subject in his-

tory, the work is always useful, whether it be written in the form of a novel or not; but it may still be very injurious to women and children, if, instead of confining itself to what is natural, proper, and probable, it endeavours to harrow the feelings by pictures of suffering beyond the reach of assistance, or to warp the judgment by surrounding the tyrant or wholesale murderer, whom the world calls a conqueror and a hero, with a halo of glory which belongs, of right, only to those who sacrifice themselves for the good of others. Now; more than half the *histories* that have been written in different ages, are really just such novels as I have mentioned; and you would have to wade through a great deal of poisonous trash before you could acquire the art of separating the true from the false, even in those works which are not usually classed as fictions. You had better trust to the experience of others, until your mental constitution becomes strong enough to bear such food."

"Well, uncle," exclaimed the urchin, "I'll agree not to read any novels but yours, if you'll agree to write me as many as I want. If you made up all that long tale about old Luath just by looking at the picture of a little boy with a dog, you can tell stories

about any thing. Here is another picture of a little girl and something that looks like a deer, only that it is so very small, and has such queer-looking, cork-screw-shaped horns on its head. Do tell me who that little girl is, and what kind of a pet she is nursing."

"Why, Charlie," I replied, "you have put me entirely out of the notion of story-telling, by telling me that I am such a good story-teller. I have no objection to talk with you for half an hour about the picture, but would rather tell the simple truth about it than increase your fondness for fiction by weaving a tale to fit it. Besides; you would be able to make up a story both natural and proper about almost any picture that you may see, if you would but use your own powers of observation and imagination in the right way. So suppose you *tell* me, instead of *asking* me all about this little girl and her pet."

Now, my young readers will excuse Uncle Thomas, if, to avoid repetition and the use of too many words, he gives them the rest of the conversation with his nephew Charlie in the form of simple dialogue.

Charlie. But, uncle, how should I know any thing about such a picture? I see a parcel of trees, and

some of them look very queer; not like any I ever saw; while the others might be meant for beech trees or buttonwoods, such as grow among the rocks down by the brook behind the barn. Then I see a large building: it looks like a fort with a tower; but that cannot be, for there are no port-holes, nor places for cannon along the top. Then there is a high wall around it; but, inside, every thing is green, like a garden, and not like the ditches and banks and level places, all smoothed off for the soldiers to march upon, that we find in forts. And away off, over yonder, I see a mountain; and along the bottom of the mountain there are a parcel of little white spots that look like sails; so there must be a large river there. But I want to know something about that dear little girl, and the queer-looking thing she is feeding; so I don't care much about the trees and the buildings.

Uncle Thomas. But, Charlie, the trees and the buildings and the mountain and river are just the things to tell you all about the little girl, if you will only ask them!

Charlie. Ask them, uncle!—why they can't talk!

Uncle Thomas. Yes, they can, though, if you ask

them in the right way—all nature has a tongue; and so has art. The breeze speaks to you in the forest. It gives you a lesson of calmness and reflection: the air of the mountain says, 'Up, and be free!' and that is the reason why people of the mountains never were slaves: the noise and clatter of the mill-wheels say, 'Work and be happy!' I never could pass a manufactory without looking about *for something to do.* But pictures are like printed books—they do not speak to the ear but the eye; and to read them you must know the *letters.* Let us ask some questions of those tall trees behind the building, that look like monstrous heads of cabbage or lettuce, stuck on the top of a pole at a raising. What kind of trees are those, Charlie?

Charlie. I'm sure I don't know—I never saw any thing like them.

Uncle Thomas. They are palm-trees of some kind. There are a great many kinds of palm-trees in the world, but they all grow in hot countries, such as Greece, Turkey, India, and South America:—so you see that you have learned something already about your dear little girl:—she lives in a hot country.

But let us ask another question of the picture. What kind of palm-trees are those?

Charlie. Stop, uncle; I want to know why these palm-trees grow so tall without branches, and why they will not grow in cold countries, like other trees.

Uncle Thomas. That's right, Charlie, my boy! The best way to grow wise is to be always asking questions. Well, then;—nearly all the forest trees in our country grow larger by adding a new layer to their woody stems every year, just within the bark, and in this way they grow thicker very fast, and are able to support the weight of very heavy limbs and all their foliage. The branches grow thicker in the same manner, and both the trunk and limbs continue to do so, even after the tree has reached its greatest height, and until it dies with old age, or disease.

Charlie. Why, can trees die of old age, and can they be sick?

Uncle Thomas. Certainly: all things that have life come to an end in the same manner at last, and from the same causes, unless their existence is cut short by accident or disease. You may starve a tree to death, by planting it in a soil that does not contain its proper

food, just as you would starve a man,—and it is very curious, but true, that the kind of food that suits the constitution of one tree, disturbs the digestion of another; as the food that agrees with one animal will make another sick or kill it. A goat will live, for a time, upon tobacco, and relishes it as much as a bearded American dandy, though a horse would die after eating it; so, in sandy countries, such as lower Jersey and North Carolina, when the old pine trees die off or are cut down, the food for oaks, which the pines do not destroy, and which has been collecting for years in the soil, gives rise to a forest of oaks; and when the old oaks are destroyed, the same causes give rise to a growth of pines; for, the seeds of both these trees continue to live in the soil for a great many years, but will not sprout under the deep shade of other trees, for want of sun and air.

Arsenic will poison a tree as surely as it will a rat: some kinds of dry-rot are the result of diseases in trees, very similar to those which sometimes occur even in man—they are, in fact, not very unlike consumption or cancer; and many of them will no doubt be found curable by medicine, when we come to know more about the appetite and the living actions

of plants than we now do. Then, again; the decay in the trunks of the old buttonwoods, which causes them, at last, to fall by their own weight, results from pretty much the same causes as the ulcers in the limbs of very old people, whose blood-vessels often become converted into bone, and is almost the same in nature. But if you want to know more of such subjects, you must study physiology:—it is a very beautiful study, Charlie, and a very useful one to children, when it is not taught by quacks and ignorant people, who often pretend to teach in lectures what they do not understand themselves.

Charlie. But are you not making this up out of your own head, too? Ha! ha! uncle; have I not caught you?

Uncle Thomas. No! no! Charlie. It is true;—every word of it.

Charlie. How very queer! But, uncle, how do palm-trees grow, if they do not grow like other trees, and make a new ring of wood every year on the outside?

Uncle Thomas. They grow much like grasses. You have often seen how every new leaf of a grass is pushed up through the centre of the old leaves,

and each in turn adds a piece to the stem, only that it is always a little thinner at first than the older part of the stem. You must also have seen that most grasses have joints, formed by these successive portions of stem, and how a leaf is found to spread out from every joint, until it drops off and leaves a mark, such as you see at the joints of an angling rod, or those of some kinds of walking-sticks made of what is commonly called cane. Such canes grow in Florida and the South, so thickly together, in what is called cane-brakes, that neither animals nor men can penetrate them without the axe; and their stems scraping together when the wind blows, sometimes make a strange kind of music. Yet all these canes, even when they grow thirty feet high and as thick as a man's leg, are nothing but tall grasses; and the palm-trees, which grow a great deal taller and thicker than that, differ but little from grasses in their mode of growth. Now; you can very well understand how much more difficult it must be for stems growing in this way, by pushing up new leaves through the centre, like fingers of a glove thrust one within the other, but each longer than its predecessor, to become thick enough to support branches, such as are found

on other trees; and how hard it must be for branches to find their way out through the sides of the old part of the stem, from the new part within, from which the new leaves spring.

Charlie. Indeed, I cannot see how the stem ever grows large enough to bear the top. Do the first leaves, when the tree is young, grow up as thick as the stem of the old tree? What monstrous leaves they must be!

Uncle Thomas. By no means! They are thick and fleshy, and very soft at first; and though, perhaps, not so thick as your wrist, yet, as the new leaves are pushed up through the centre, the old ones become stretched and squeezed outwards, so as to become thin and large, and hard, one after another, until the trunk becomes so hard and woody that it cannot be squeezed any larger, and the tree stops growing.

Charlie. But, uncle, what has gone with all the old leaves along the stem of those palm-trees in the picture?

Uncle Thomas. They have fallen off in succession, leaving a mark on the bark, having been killed by the squeezing of the stalks of the new leaves within, which have reached the top and still flourish there.

Charlie. And what kind of palm-trees are they? Are they fan-palms, such as I read of in the tale of Paul and Virginia?

Uncle Thomas. No! my boy. You have often seen the great circular fans, set upon one side of handles five or six feet long, which they bring from India to this country. They sell them frequently at tea-stores, as well as fancy stores. Each of these fans is made of part of the leaf of a fan-palm, and the handle is the stem of the leaf.

Charlie. Part of a leaf, uncle? Why what must the whole leaf look like? How can a leaf be as big as a small tree?

Uncle Thomas. Nevertheless, Charlie, leaves four or five feet long by one or two feet broad, are by no means uncommon in tropical countries. But the fan-palm leaf is certainly a very large one, even in a land of vegetable monsters. Leaves nearly as large once grew in our own regions, and you find them petrified in the slate-stone that lies on top of our anthracite coal. A common paper fan, opened a very little way, like a shirt-frill, will give you a good idea of the appearance of a fan-palm leaf when growing, only that the outer ribs of the leaf are shorter and shorter

as they recede from the central rib, while those of a common paper fan are all of the same length. Again; in the palm, the ribs stick out, like so many long spikes, from the edge of the leaf, or rather, like the toes of a web-footed bird,—such as a duck,—throwing the edge into festoons. When they make such leaves into fans, they trim off these spikes and festoons and some of the ribs on one side of the stem; and they then stretch the leaf open towards the other side of the stem; and, after trimming it into a regular circular or oval shape, they dry it in that position, and then paint and varnish it. Naturally, the fan would spread out all around the end of the stem; but they turn it to one side in order to make it more handy for use. Now, you see that the leaves of the palms in the picture are very different in shape from those of the fan-palm. I take those trees to be cocoa-nut trees.

Charlie. Well! but if the cocoa-nut tree is a palm, and has no branches, where do the big heavy cocoa-nuts hang? They cannot grow on the leaves or the trunk of the tree; for that is impossible.

Uncle Thomas. There you are mistaken. There are fruits in the world that grow on the backs of leaves. A great many fruits, such as the bread-fruit,

and figs, grow out directly from the principal branches of their parent tree; and the enormous jack-fruits of India, which I have seen as large as very large pumpkins, hang like strings of beads round the main trunks of trees larger than our oaks—perhaps within six feet of the ground, and twenty or thirty feet below the first leaf or limb. But cocoa-nuts do not grow in that way; they grow in clusters, just where the leaves shoot out from the trunk, some thirty feet or more up in the air.

Charlie. And is the tree easily climbed? Is the bark rough?

Uncle Thomas. On the contrary, it is rather smooth and slippery.

Charlie. Then, how do they ever get them down when they want them?

Uncle Thomas. There are two kinds of animals very common in countries where the cocoa-nuts grow, that are extremely handy in gathering them.

Charlie. Animals gather fruit, uncle! Why don't they eat it themselves, if they are fond of going after it?

Uncle Thomas. They do eat as much as they want of it, but they help us to gather the rest.

Charlie. Why, what kinds of animals are those?

Uncle Thomas. Little boys of your own age, and other monkeys a little older, and, sometimes, larger.

Charlie. Pshaw!

Uncle Thomas. The little boys furnish themselves with pieces of very strong and rough rope, made by the people of those countries out of the fibres of the hull of the cocoa-nut, and each little fellow makes a loop large enough to go easily round his hips, at one end of the rope; after which, he ties the other end, rather loosely, round the trunk of the tree. Then he puts his legs through the former loop, and begins to climb, slipping up before him, as he goes, the part of the rope that surrounds the tree. When he is tired of climbing, he lets go the tree, and sits in his loop until he has rested; for the rope round the tree is too rough to slide down when tightened by his weight. In this way he soon reaches the nuts, and throws them down upon the soft grass below.

Charlie. And how do the other little monkeys manage?

Uncle Thomas. Oh! you know that they can climb every where; and some of them will leap as much as twenty feet from tree to tree. When you disturb

a flock of these little mannikins, (for they generally collect in herds,) they immediately take to the trees; and if you irritate them, by casting stones or sticks at them, they will storm you with fruit and branches most effectually, chattering and gritting their teeth, and making monkey-faces at you the while, till the woods ring again! If there are any cocoa-nuts in the neighbourhood, they are sure to seek them out and throw them at your head, with great fury and a very steady aim, to the no small danger of your brains: so that, if you know that "discretion is the better part of valour," and are a good hand at dodging shot, you can easily be supplied with cocoa-nuts without much trouble, where you meet with monkeys; and, in those populous countries, the monkeys or the children—one or the other—are found in abundance, almost every where. But now, I wish you to tell me the country of your pretty little girl, judging from these hints that I have read you from the picture.

Charlie. You said, sir, that palms grew in Greece; and I saw some pictures in a book of costumes, the other day, and there were some Greek soldiers in them who wore just such caps as the little girl has on her head: is she a Greek girl?

Uncle Thomas. Well done, Charlie! You are beginning *to spell in pictures* already,—you'll soon learn to read them. But the cocoa-nut is not a Grecian tree; it is most abundant in India, a much hotter country. Now, the architecture of that house and garden, with its high stone wall, resembles that of many private buildings in India, while it has none of the elegance of design so remarkable in Greece. Such an arch as you see to the left of the narrow windows could hardly be found in any part of Greece. Nor does the style resemble the light, airy residences of South America or the West Indies, in which the cocoa-nut may flourish. I take it to be that part of the dwelling of a wealthy Indoo, in which the various offices and the apartments of the women are ranged; the principal parts of the house being out of view. The mountain in the distance shows that the scene is in upper or midland India, and it is not improbable that the great river at its base is the Ganges.

Charlie. So, then, the little girl is a Hindostanee?

Uncle Thomas. I think you must be wrong there, my boy; but first, let me say a word about the orthography of the names of that people and their country. Custom fully warrants you in pronouncing the name

of the country as if it were spelled "Hin-do's-tan;" but I suspect that this custom must have been first established by some Englishman, who would have been pleased if the name of his own noble little island had been commenced with an H. The true name of the country is pronounced *In'-doo Staun'*, or the *country* of the *In-doos'*, the word *stan* or *staun* being pronounced deep in the throat, and somewhat as if there were an *h* after the *u*.—But let us return to our picture. The hair of the little girl, though jet black and glossy, like that of all Indoos, is somewhat too much waved or curled for one of that straight-haired race.

Charlie. But, uncle, you know the geography says that many of the rulers of Hindostan are Mussulmen.

Uncle Thomas. Mussulmans, at least, if you can't do better, Charlie! This turning of foreign names into English makes sad work with their meaning!

Charlie. What is good enough for Walker, father says, is good enough for me; but you nabobs are all so queer!

Uncle Thomas. Nawaub, Charlie, if you please!

Charlie. Well, well; *nawaub*, then! May not this

little girl be one of the poor children that the wicked Turks buy up for slaves in the market, and carry off to shut them up in prisons, when they marry them, instead of leaving them free and loving them, as father loves mother, and lets her have her own way in every thing?

Uncle Thomas. You are somewhat nearer right than before, Charlie; but you are still wrong. She does not look much like a slave, although the Turks generally treat their slaves much better than many Christian nations. If you had been among them, you would not think them quite such wicked monsters as foolish books have made you think. They have their own notions of morals—very different from ours, it is true, and certainly very much less refined in many respects; but *they* live up to *their* code; and I shall be very happy, should I live till you are thirty years old, to see you look me in the face, and say that *you* have lived up to *ours!* Slaves, Charlie, even in Indoostan, do not run about the country, unattended, outside of the harem-wall, to play with little gazelles and feed them with delicate wild flowers, to prevent them from sighing for the gul gardens and jasmine bowers of Persia, the gem-spangled brooks of Samar-

cand, or the broad, sleepy shadow of the Indian banian.

Charlie. So that is a gazelle! I have long wanted to know what a gazelle looked like, and now I see it. What a beautiful little creature! And are they easily tamed?

Uncle Thomas. As wild as the wildest, in a state of nature, they become attached to man with a fervour only less wonderful than that of their dark-eyed sisters.

Here Uncle Thomas fell into a long revery, and seemed as if he was looking at something a great way off. Charlie knew of old that he was apt to be cross when he looked so, and he did not disturb him. At last the old gentleman spoke up again—

Uncle Thomas. Yes! thou wert beautiful as the light-footed antelope, as it courses the emerald valley, like the shadow of a summer cloud as it sweeps athwart the silvery morning sky! Oh! Memory! Memory!

Charlie. Why, uncle! what's the matter?

Uncle Thomas. Ha! what was I saying?—Oh!—Never mind, my laddie! you'll know for yourself, some ten years hence, what kind of an animal I was

thinking of just then;—at least, you'll begin to know by that time; and twenty years later, perhaps, you may wish you had never known so much! The tame deer will die as well as the wild one.

Charlie. Uncle, you frighten me when you look so! What is the matter?

Uncle Thomas. Oh, Charlie, Charlie! The book of man's life has many leaves;—be contented to read them one at a time!—Well, can you not tell me now who that little girl is?

Charlie. How should I know who she is? You have told me a great deal about her, but it might all be true of a great many little girls.

Uncle Thomas. What do you suppose became of bonnie wee Malcomb's father, after he had been for five years fighting the battles of his country in India?

Charlie. I hope he became rich, as almost every body does who goes to India; and I hope he came back in time to buy Malcomb a hunter when he came to be old enough to ride one.

Uncle Thomas. What would you say to his growing rich *without coming home?* And what would you say to his living in a house built by an Indoo Raja, and sending out for his wife and little Malcomb to

come and live with him? And what would you say to his buying a gazelle, to please his little daughter Jennie, some twelve years afterwards,—that is; some twenty-two years ago?

Charlie. Ha! I see, I see! It is bonnie wee Malcomb's sister Jennie, born in India; is it not, uncle?

Uncle Thomas. Very probably; but if so, I do not think the artist who drew the picture knew any thing of the facts of the case.

Charlie. Now, uncle, do tell me truly,—was not Jennie Macdonald the beautiful native-born girl I heard you telling about when you described to father your voyage up the Ganges?

Uncle Thomas. There are some questions that neither have little boys the right to ask, nor foolish old uncles to answer.—Get your satchel, Charlie, and be off to school!

THE SONG OF THE SINGING GIRL.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

I.

The flowers are not so rich and fair,
And the sky is dim and cold,
And friends are not so dear to me
As those I loved of old;
The tones I hear are not so sweet
That greet me in my glee,
As those that I remember well
In our sunny Italy.

II.

Home! home!—*my* home! Oh! never more
Methinks 'twill meet mine eye,
And never shall I seek again
Mine own bright glorious sky;

And ne'er will Arno's banks resound
With echoes of our mirth,
For voices that once woke them there
Are silent now on earth.

III.

Our cottage, 'neath the linden tree,
Was overhung with vine,
Which clustered in the graceful wreaths
No hand had taught to twine;
The myrtle's silver blossoms, too,
So delicately fair,
And a thousand lovely flowers bloomed
In gay luxuriance there.

IV.

Since last beneath that roof I dwelt,
And roved those scenes among,
My heart has learned a bitter task—
Strange words are on my tongue;—

And many an upbraiding look
My wounded pride has bowed,
While flashed mine eye with bitter scorn,
I dared not breathe aloud.

V.

Oh! well do I remember, when
The vintage task was done,
How gaily there we often met
Ere day's last beam was gone,
And danced around the linden tree,
In many a careless band,
For sorrow seemed to shun our path,
In mine own happy land.

VI.

And *if* perchance one shade of grief
Passed lightly o'er my brow,
How many hearts were there to soothe!—
But I am lonely *now*.

And now my merry mandolin
Hangs silent on the wall;
My name—that once familiar name—
None answers to the call.

VII.

Yet many a hand is linked with hand,
Around the linden tree—
O! do they miss me in their sport,
And do they speak of me?
My sister, does she love me still,—
My mother weep me yet?
Or do they learn the wanderer
In absence to forget?

VIII.

But here the sky is dim and cold,
And flowers are not so fair,
And sad and chilling are the hearts,
And cold the looks they wear:

Then can you wonder if a tear
  Will sometimes dim mine eye,
And all my thoughts should yearn towards
  Another, purer sky?

IX.

And oh! the song that once I trilled,
  In all my maiden glee,
Whilst mooring oft our little skiff
  In our bright Italy,—
To listening crowds I breathe *that* song,
  In mimic trappings drest,
As if no tear had filled mine eye,
  Or misery my breast.

X.

And when some well-remembered scene
  Comes stealing o'er my mind,
And stifled sobs half choke my voice,
  And tears my vision blind—

They deem it but the actress' skill,
And call me forth to smile,
In answer to the lavish praise
That wrings my heart the while!

XI.

The richest gems and costly robes
Bedeck my form; and now
They clasp with glittering bands my arms,
And bind with gems my brow:
They do not guess, beneath it all,
How much of grief is there;
The prisoned bird will sing, although
His last song were—despair.

XII.

They give me praise, they give me gold,
With lavish lip and hand;
And think they thus repay me for
My own dear native land!
They offer gems, they offer love,
A love they weigh with gold;

But what is that to one kind smile,
From those I loved of old!

XIII.

And *one* who loved me then so well,
Unchanged through grief and pain—
My hand has severed that fond link
Which ne'er unites again!
Speak not of him—for saddest thoughts
Rush wildly o'er my brain,
And all I've loved, and all I've lost,
Return to me again.

XIV.

The happy days of girlhood, too,
With all its store of flowers,
Return in smiling mockery,
With thoughts of bygone hours.
Then do not, do not chide at me,
Nor bid me to be glad;
Nor ask again, in word or look,
The reason I am sad.

THE [illegible]RCAIR.

THE CORSAIR.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

Charlie. Uncle, here is another picture, and I have brought cousin Mary with me, to hear you tell all about it. What kind of a vessel is this? Is it a ship?

Uncle Thomas. No, Charlie; it is a brig, and a very ill-looking one into the bargain. I should not wish to be sailing in that vessel which you see in the offing there, unless she is well armed, while such a rakish-looking customer as that is riding with springs on his cables in the quiet bay, like a water-snake only half asleep, with his head on one pond-lily leaf and his tail on another, though the moon is shining so peacefully above, half hid behind her curtains, and is just getting ready to follow the sun to bed in the west. I don't like that long nine amidships.

Mary. Why; do such ugly things as snakes sleep upon lilies, uncle?

Uncle Thomas. Water-snakes, my dear, are very fond of lying curled up upon the broad leaves of water-plants, which we commonly call lilies, though they do not at all resemble the lilies of our gardens, and receive very different names from the botanists. When you were down at Brown's Mills in New Jersey, last summer, you remember how you admired the sweet-scented pond-lilies, as they are commonly called, that covered all the shallow water with a complete carpet of large green heart-shaped or arrow-shaped leaves, through which we rowed the boat with difficulty. On these, even the largest land-snakes, which do not much delight in water, may often be seen sunning themselves after a bath, on a warm summer day; but there is another much larger leaf found floating in the same manner on the surface of certain American ponds and brooks, which resembles the Egyptian and Indian lotus very much, and the little boys in "the Neck," below Philadelphia, call it "the swamp chinkapin," because the flower-stem bears a nut which resembles the fruit of that name in appearance and taste. Some day or other I shall be glad to describe this curious plant to you at length; for, its roots as well as its fruit are eatable, and the

flower is one of the most magnificent in appearance that can be found in this country, being nearly as large as the crown of Charlie's hat. The leaf is as large as the rim of his hat, and, like the flower, floats nearly even with the water, where it is from five to eight feet deep. The stems of the leaves and flowers are long enough to extend all the way from the muddy bottom to the surface, and the former are inserted into the middle, instead of the edge of the leaves, which sit on them like an umbrella reversed by a hard wind on the top of the stick. In the West, I have often seen a water-snake coiled up ready for a spring, upon a single leaf of this description, floating like a basin upon the water.

Charlie. Were you not afraid of them?

Uncle Thomas. By no means. To my eye they are very pretty-looking objects.

Mary. Oh my! who ever heard of a pretty snake?

Uncle Thomas. You will find out, my child, before you are fifty, that many of the vilest things in creation are among the most captivating and beautiful in appearance. It would have been well for us if your grandmother Eve had had as great a repugnance to snakes as you appear to feel!

Mary. Oh; but then, uncle, the snake that tempted Eve only talked to her, and persuaded her, and did not bite; but these water-snakes are so poisonous! I wonder you are not afraid of them.

Uncle Thomas. And well for you it will be, young one, if you do not one day find that the persuasion of an oily tongue is more dangerous than the most poisonous bite! But you are wrong in thinking that water-snakes are generally poisonous. I will not pretend to say that none of them are so, though I know of none such inhabiting fresh water. There are many sea-snakes among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, which are furnished with fangs like those of the rattlesnake, and these are very deadly.

Charlie. Sea-snakes, uncle! why, I thought there was no snake in the sea, but the great sea-serpent of Nahant!

Uncle Thomas. And even the existence of that monster is disbelieved by many.

Mary. Do you believe there is any such thing, uncle?

Uncle Thomas. I make it a rule neither to believe any thing without sufficient reason, nor to deny any thing that is within the range of possibility, merely

because I have not seen or felt it. Many good men *think* they have seen that monster, but the circumstances in which they have been placed have been such that they may have been mistaken. All that I positively know about the matter is, that if such creatures do exist, there is nothing very remarkable in the circumstance, except that so few of them have been seen, and those so seldom. But, Charlie, boy, sea-snakes, both harmless and poisonous, are very common in many parts of the world. I have seen as many as half a dozen together, floating, asleep, just below the surface, in the Bay of Bengal, near the Andaman Islands. Our vessel startled them, and they swam downward, out of sight, almost as soon as seen.

Charlie. How large were they, uncle?

Uncle Thomas. About as large as my wrist, and from six to ten feet long.

Mary. And were they poisonous?

Uncle Thomas. That is more than I am able to say, for I could not catch them, though I was fishing with a dip-net from the chains, as they are called, where the leadsman stands when he is casting the line to find out how deep the water is on soundings. But

to show that fresh-water snakes are not generally poisonous, I will tell you of a queer chase I had in Calcutta. Behind the house I lived in, when there, there was an out-building, in the lower story of which the servants took their meals—for their religion does not allow them to eat in the presence of a European or an American. This building had a second story, connected with the upper floor of the house by a short bridge;—for I must tell you that, in that city, most white people live up-stairs, and use the lower part of the house for store-rooms;—and in this second story there was a bath-room, containing a Kedgeree pot, made of a peculiar kind of rough earthenware, and large enough to hold about three barrels of water. This was our bathing-tub, and was filled every morning by carriers with great leather bottles, full of water, resting on their hips and coming about half round their bodies, so as to contain many gallons.

Charlie. Now, uncle! leather bottles, twisted round men's bodies! If that is n't a bouncer!

Uncle Thomas. For shame, Charlie! I'll warrant me little Mary remembers something about leather bottles, for she reads the Bible much oftener than you do. Do you suppose that because people who never

went out of America, and know nothing of other countries, choose to make bottles of glass, and set them on their sideboards, that people on the other side of the world have no right to make them of leather, and hang them on their backs?

Charlie. (Sullenly.) America is a great country, even if you have been across the sea, to such outlandish places.

Uncle Thomas. Very true; but they are very little people, and not of much use in the world, who think that there are no other great countries but their own, or that, because they choose to make bottles of glass, other people could not or should not make them of leather, to please their fancy or promote their convenience. You are as bad as that dapper little English traveller, who thought because his own friends, in a narrow island on the western coast of Europe, never eat with their knives, that an American freeman, if civilized, was bound to eat green peas with a two-pronged fork, if he could get no other; and that a Chinese philosopher must throw away his chop-sticks before he could become fitting company for a cockney *gentleman!* Fie upon you! But tell us what *you* know about leather bottles, Mary.

Mary. Does not the Bible say something about not putting new wine into old bottles, for fear they would split open? and were not those bottles made out of leather?

Uncle Thomas. Just so, my darling! and the modern Indoos carry water in leather bottles to this day. But let us return to my story. I employed three or four men to catch snakes for me, when in India, and one day they brought me a very large water-snake, that swallowed, as they said, its whole brood of little ones, to protect them when she was first attacked. I had often heard this tale about snakes swallowing their young, but never had believed it; so I put the snake into a little Kedgeree pot with some water, tied over it a thick piece of wrapping paper, placed it in the bath-room, and locked the door. Next morning I went to look at my snake, and found the whole floor alive with the old one, who was about three feet long, and a host of little ones, about as long as my little finger!

Charlie. Ah, ha, uncle! I guess you ran for it then!

Uncle Thomas. No, indeed, Charlie! Naturalists are not so easily frightened. I shut the door instantly, so that none could escape, and went to my lodg-

ing-room for a piece of muslin; for I naturally concluded that the snake had succeeded in tearing the paper, as I afterwards found she had done, by first wetting it—probably lifting up water in her mouth for that purpose—and then crawling through the wet spot. I soon returned, and locking myself in the bath-room, seized the old snake, and she seized me!

Mary. What! did she bite you?

Uncle Thomas. To be sure she did, three or four times. Do you suppose she would see herself and her little ones recaptured without a struggle?

Charlie. And did she draw blood?

Uncle Thomas. Certainly; but her teeth were merely like needles, they left no mark.

Mary. And what did you do? did you send for a doctor?

Uncle Thomas. No, child; I needed no doctoring: it was not the first time by many that I had been bitten by harmless snakes, while studying natural history: and I know too well the character and habits of the poisonous ones to be bitten by them when I can see them. Many of these beautiful little creatures make admirable pets, when they are tamed; as even the most dangerous of them may be, after their

poisonous fangs have been extracted. The Indoo snake-feeders make a great deal of money by imposing upon the superstition and prejudice of a very credulous people, performing seemingly wonderful feats by charming these terrible pets with music; but, as I have often performed all their jugglery, after their own example, I know it to consist of nothing but adroit deception.

Mary. Well, uncle, what became of the old snake and all the little ones?

Uncle Thomas. I put the old one in the Kedgeree pot, and then went in chase of the small fry. They were very active, and gave me much trouble in the chase, for I could not hold more than three or four at a time; and every now and then one of them would make his little teeth felt like a musquito-bite, through the delicate skin between my fingers,—for they could not penetrate it in other places,—and, whenever I attempted to slip them under the muslin into the pot, the old one would hiss and dart at my hand, and endeavour to get out. But at last I succeeded in placing them all within their prison, and the old one immediately appeared comparatively satisfied. I then carefully raised the cover, and not a little snake was

to be seen! They had all taken shelter within their natural retreat.

Mary. I hope you let them go at last, uncle?

Uncle Thomas. Alas, Mary! Science sometimes makes us very cruel. You may see the mother, with another of her tribe, in one small bottle of spirits, and by the side of it, in a similar tomb, repose the remains of forty-two of her progeny! The whole family was extinguished. "There runs not a drop of their blood in the veins of any living creature." They were torn from their sedgy bowers, deep down beneath the yellow waters of the Ganges, to meet the fate of the unhappy Clarence, and now "lie in state" among their kindred reptiles in the cabinet of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

Charlie. But, uncle, how come you to be thinking and talking of nothing but snakes while you are looking at that beautiful picture?

Uncle Thomas. Because that pretty little brig looks like a much more dangerous kind of sea-serpent than ever frightened the fishermen of Marblehead, or drove the belles of Boston to bathing in a tub, at Nahant, full in sight of the magnificent surf of the glorious and boundless sea. See, how peacefully she rides in

the calm evening light, with every thing around her to charm and to deceive. Hissing fires are sleeping in that long iron fang resting on its swivel in the middle of the deck—carefully as the awning overshadows it, and gives to the vessel the appearance of the regular trader! She is at moorings, and seemingly arranged for long repose; but she is really ready to dart upon her unsuspecting prey without a moment's warning: a buoy marks the position of her anchors, and her cables are prepared for slipping. There is murder in the glance of that seaman by the shrouds, gazing to seaward along the broad, bright path that spans the waters as if leading to the heavens. Already there are panting and terrified bosoms in the ship that is crossing the mouth of the inlet, like the pantings of the innocent bird, when it flutters around the coil of its reptile enemy. Yes! she is indeed the true sea-serpent; and the beautiful morning will dawn upon a scene of blood and ruin; but the trembling hearts will be still—the shrill shriek and the hoarse curse will be heard no more; the waves no more will thrill to

———"the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer, in his agony!"

Charlie. Uncle, tell us a story about pirates; I love to hear such stories very much.

Uncle Thomas. Then you must go to the cheap literature venders; for never shall it be said of Uncle Thomas, that he corrupted the morals of his nephews by catering to their vicious fancies.

Charlie. But every body praises courage, and those pirates are so courageous! Oh! how I wish I could go to sea!

Uncle Thomas. Go to bed, you silly rogue!—I am out of all patience with you.

Mary. You must not scold Charlie because he has not seen so many terrible things as you have, uncle: I always admired bravery myself too much, till you taught me that the bravest men in the world were the wickedest.

Uncle Thomas. There you may misunderstand me, Mary:—Bravery, though a very cheap article, is a very necessary one; and when directed to a truly noble purpose, adds dignity to the human character. The want of a proper share of it may appear very contemptible, either in a man or a woman; but, to pride one's self upon it is even more contemptible. The two bravest animals in the world are the bull-

terrier dog and the bantam cock: the former represents the brutal ferocity of the degraded and vulgar; the other, that of the mere military hero, who struts and fights for "honour."—There! the clock is striking nine. Kiss me, and go to bed.

THE BLACK LINN.

A SCOTCH TALE.

It was a Sabbath afternoon early in the year, and a crowded congregation were seen leaving a small kirk in the mountains of Perthshire. The annual celebration of the sacrament had taken place there that day, which had attracted, as is usual in Scotland, great numbers of persons even from parishes at many miles distance. The services of the day were now over, and the people separated into different groups as they took their respective roads homewards; all, even the youngest and most thoughtless, walking on with a quietness and seriousness of deportment befitting the holy day, and the solemnity of the occasion which had called them together. A numerous party set out together to the eastward, conversing as they walked along, some on the more worldly topics of country discourse, the state of the weather, the crops, and the markets; others, on the various services they

had that day heard, and the gifts and graces of their respective ministers. Their numbers gradually diminished as one party after another branched off up the glens, or over the hill-paths leading to their distant farms and cottages, until at last only four persons remained. These were Donald Mac Alpine and his wife, who lived at Burnieside, to which place they were now fast approaching; and his brother Angus, who, with his son Kenneth, had come that morning from Linn-head, about five miles further.

A February evening was closing in dusk and cold, with every appearance of a stormy, wet night, when the lights in the casements of the farm at Burnieside appeared flickering in the distance, cheering the hearts of Donald and his wife with thoughts of the comfort of their own warm hearth, and their children's hearty welcome, after the fatigue and weariness of their day's journey. Angus and Kenneth entered with them to rest and refresh themselves before they proceeded onwards; and, as they were much beloved by their young relatives, they met a welcome, only second in cordiality and delight to that given to the parents. The large and happy party were soon seated comfortably round a glowing peat fire; and

cheerfully partaking, after thanks had reverently been paid to the Giver of all good, of an excellent and substantial supper. When it was over, Angus summoned his son to depart.—"Come, Kenneth, my boy, it is getting late, and we have five long miles to go yet." Donald, who had risen to look out into the night, now endeavoured to persuade his brother and his nephew to remain where they were till morning. "The wind is rising, and driving the hail and rain before it, and it is pitch-dark. I cannot let you leave this warm hearth on such a night."—"Nay, Donald, we must go, indeed. What would Marion and poor little Lily say if we did not come home! We know our road well, so we need not be afraid of the darkness; and as to the wind and rain, we are used to that, and the warm fireside at Linn-head, and a good bed, will be all the more welcome after it. So, good night, Donald; good night, Janet; good night, children."—"Well," replied Donald, "a wilful man must have his way; but mind when you come by the Black Linn. It is a very fearful path along there on a dark night."—"As to that, Donald, I do not think either Kenneth or I would fear to pass the Linn on the darkest night in the year; we know every rock

and stone so well. We are almost at home when we have got there." Angus then taking up his thick walking staff, and Kenneth slinging over his shoulder the little wallet in which he had carried their simple dinner, they ventured out into the storm, and the hospitable door of Burnieside was reluctantly closed behind them. For some time they trudged on without much difficulty, though the wind and rain beat directly in their faces, and were gradually becoming more violent.

Kenneth was now about fifteen years of age, the pride and delight of his parents, and of his sister Lilias, who was a year or two older than himself. Marion Mac Alpine, his mother, had from his infancy cherished the hope, that this her only son might become a pious and useful minister in the church; and as he increased in stature, his parents' hearts glowed within them as they marked his studious, serious disposition, and the heavenly-mindedness of his simple character. The great object of their desires was to afford him the advantages of a college education, and the toils by which they strove to secure the means of doing so were made sweet both to his father, mother, and sister, by the love with which they regarded

him. Lilias, indeed, looked on Kenneth as on some superior being. She was a sweet-tempered, active, industrious girl, and though her mental powers were not fashioned in so fine a mould as her brother's, she had a heart to love and admire him, and would have made any sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, to have added to his happiness or promoted his welfare. His progress in learning, under the care of the good minister of Linn-head, had been very rapid; and as both his age and his acquirements were now such as nearly to fit him for college, it was intended that he should be entered a student at the University of Glasgow in the following year.

The father and son had proceeded more than three miles of the distance, and had entered a deep defile in the mountains, at the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. This river, at all times considerable, now swollen by the melting of the snows, roared along its rocky channel. It entered the defile about a mile and a half higher up over a tremendous precipice, forming one of the wildest and most terrific cataracts in the Highlands, which was known in the country by the name of the Black Linn. The water was precipitated into a deep, dark chasm, where it boiled

and wheeled with terrifying impetuosity, and then broke away with fury through rents and channels in the rocks, which the force of the stream had in the lapse of ages worn. This scene of awful sublimity was surrounded by abrupt walls of rock two hundred feet in height, gray and bare, and overshadowing the depths below, so that the rays of the bright sun could never penetrate further than to paint a rainbow on the spray of the fall about midway of its descent. A narrow and unprotected mountain road led up the defile past the cataract to the village of Linn-head, which, on such a night, would have been far from safe to less experienced travellers than those who were now toiling along it. They were wet, cold, and weary; and the force of the wind pouring down the glen, the cold and sharp rain beating in their faces, and the pitchy darkness of the night, began almost to bewilder them. They ceased to speak, but struggled on in silence. At length, by the increased roar of waters, they perceived that they were approaching the Linn. "Courage! my boy, we shall soon reach home now," said Angus. A fresh and more violent gust of wind bringing a heavy hail shower, obliged them to turn from its fury. Again they groped their

way forwards. "Father," said Kenneth, in a voice whose tremulous tones were almost drowned by the fury of the elements, "we have missed the path—we are on the wrong side of the oak tree—we are on the top of the crag over the Black Boiler, I am sure—take care of yourself—I am trying to find——" A piercing cry of agony, heard above the rushing of the winds and waters, froze the father's heart within him. "Kenneth!" he cried, in a voice of horror, "my child, my child! where are you?" There was no answer. The unhappy father called again and again. The torrent rushed on in its resistless might, and the wind howled past him, till his brain was almost maddened by the roar, and the solid rock beneath him seemed to tremble, as if an earthquake were shaking the globe to its foundations. He flung himself on the ground, and dragging himself along, felt, with outstretched arms, for the edge of the precipice. His hand at length reached it, where the broken earth, and some tufts of grass hanging by their slight fibrous roots, showed the very spot where it had yielded under Kenneth's tread. He looked over, and strained his eyes in the vain endeavour to pierce the thick darkness beneath. All was hid in deep gloom, ex-

cept where a gleam of pale light marked the broken, foamy edges of the falling waters far, far below. A sickness, like death, fell upon the heart of poor Angus, as the conviction forced itself on him, that his child was indeed gone—lost to him for ever. He tried again to call, but his voice refused to give utterance to a sound, and having groped his way back to the oak tree, the landmark already mentioned, he leaned against it for some moments as if to collect strength, and then, making a desperate effort to move forward, he reached the village. All the lights in the cottages were by this time extinguished for the night, except those which gleamed from his own windows, whose brightness showed that those within were still waking and watching for the return of their absent ones. Marion and Lily had just heaped the fire with fresh wood and peat, which threw a bright cheerful light all round the cottage. The singing kettle, hanging on the hook over the fire, sent its light clouds of curling vapour up the wide chimney. Before the fire was a small table, with the great family Bible lying on it, in which Lilias had been reading to her mother, till the increasing storm, and the growing lateness of the hour, began to awaken their anxiety for

Angus and Kenneth's return. They sat listening to the wind and rain beating against the cottage, sometimes expressing their anxieties to each other, then striving to forget for a time the sense of them, by busying themselves in all the little arrangements they could devise, for the comfort of the wet and weary wanderers. At length a hand touched the outer latch. "Here they are!" they exclaimed. But almost a minute elapsed before that hand found courage again to try and open the door. When it did open, and the pale and horror-struck figure of Angus entered, a sense of awful calamity in an instant seized upon both Marion and Lilias. He closed the door, and leaned against it, as if he could neither speak nor move. "Kenneth!" they both exclaimed. "The Linn—the Linn—lost!"—was all that the unhappy father could utter. Then, staggering to his chair, he burst into a passionate flood of grief, so unlike any thing his wife and daughter had before witnessed in his steady, composed character, that, for the moment, they lost all thought of every thing else in the endeavour to soothe him. But the relief of tears seemed to take the heavy load off his heart, and before long he could with greater calmness tell of the

awful bereavement they had sustained, and endeavour, in his turn, to comfort the stricken hearts of his wife and daughter.

A family of sorrow, they sat by the dying embers of their hearth that long and bitter night; but towards morning poor Lilias, exhausted by sorrow, sank into a deep sleep, with her head resting on her mother's shoulder. Angus kept walking continually to the little window, to watch for the first streaks of light in the east, intending, as soon as the day dawned, to take some of his neighbours with him to assist in finding all that was left to him of his beloved child. At length the gray of morning broke over the hills—he took his hat and went out, leaving Marion supporting her daughter's head—her lips moved in inward prayer as he left the house. The melancholy news rapidly spread through the village; for Kenneth was as much loved by all who knew him as his father was respected, and all the neighbours and friends were soon collected to go with Angus to find the body; while some of the women went in to Marion to console and support her during this trying time.

In the mean time, he for whose loss all were thus sorrowing, was yet living. He had been saved from

destruction by the stems of three or four saplings of mountain ash and weeping birch, which had taken root in the fissure of the almost perpendicular crag, and hung their light elegant foliage, nearly horizontally, over the black whirlpool below. The slight stems had bowed fearfully under the pressure of Kenneth's falling weight, but springing up again by their elasticity, they now held him suspended, and rocking with every blast, over the yawning chasm. He lay unconscious for a long time, from the stunning effects of the fall, and of a severe blow which his head had received against the rock; but his senses gradually returned, and he awoke to an acute sense of pain, both bodily and mental. When he understood his awful and precarious situation, an overpowering terror came over his mind, and he wreathed his arms round the branches of the trees, with the convulsive instinct of self-preservation. His calls for help were piercing and continual; but they reached no human ear. His mind then rapidly glanced at all the circumstances of his situation. He was instantly aware that he could neither make any exertions to release himself, nor hope for any assistance till the morning dawned; and that nothing remained for him

but to rest where he was in quietness, and reliance upon his Almighty Father, till daylight. Though the violence of the storm gradually abated, his sufferings from wet and cold were extreme during that apparently endless night. He endeavoured to beguile the time by repeating passages of Scripture, with which his memory was amply stored; and when these failed to divert his mind from the oppressive weight of pain and dread; or when thoughts of his dear home, and all whom he loved there, would force themselves upon his recollection, he poured out his soul at the throne of mercy, and was strengthened. But the vigour of his mind began gradually to yield to the anguish of his frame; and before morning, the powers of life seemed to be ebbing fast away, leaving him in a state almost of insensibility. He closed his eyes, and consciousness grew fainter and fainter. When he again languidly raised their lids, they rested, as he lay with his face upturned towards heaven, on lightly-tinted rose-coloured clouds, the forerunners of the rising sun, sailing slowly and peacefully over the abyss. The sight seemed to revive the dying spark within, and sent a thrill of hope and joy through his stiffening limbs. But as the increasing light

showed him the height and the inaccessible steepness of the precipice above him, and he felt his own incapacity to move, his heart again sunk within him. "Yet, surely," thought he, "they will come to seek me;" and, for the first time, a movement of restless impatience began to agitate him.

About this time the villagers, being collected together, were proceeding to the fall. Angus in vain endeavoured to maintain his wonted steadiness of demeanour. At one time he hurried on, as if impelled forwards by an irresistible power; and then, as if nature recoiled with dread from the sight of his beautiful child, changed to a pale and disfigured corpse, he lingered in the rear. When they reached the oak tree before mentioned, he remained motionless, while the rest advanced on to the crag, more from the desire to see the very spot of Kenneth's fall, than from any expectation of finding his remains, which they doubted not the stream had, by that time, carried farther down the country. Malcolm, a young blacksmith of the village, of remarkably active and enterprising character, was first. He advanced close to the edge of the cliff, which his steady head enabled him to look over without fear. The others remon-

strated with him on his rashness, but Malcolm had caught a glimpse of something which made him thoughtless of himself; and in order to be certain that it was what his hopes suggested, before he mentioned them to any one, he lay down on the ground, and stretched his body half over the brink to gain a distinct view. "It is—it is!" he exclaimed. "What?" cried many voices. "Himself," cried Malcolm, springing up; "fetch ropes;" and he ran off instantly to the village to execute his own orders, followed by several of the boys and younger men. Angus gazed at this sudden movement with a bewildered eye, till some of the others, who had also looked down, came to tell him that his son was indeed there, and, they hoped, alive, though they could hardly distinguish whether the slight trembling of the tree were caused by the breeze, or by an endeavour to make a signal. The father's eyes were again blessed by the sight of his child; but the agony and suspense of hope tried him, if possible, more severely than the certainty of calamity. He kneeled down, covering his face with his hands, during the minutes, which to him seemed hours, that elapsed before the return of Malcolm and the ropes. It was some little time after they were

got back, before they had lashed together strong cords sufficient to reach Kenneth's resting-place; but, at length, having secured one end of them strongly round the oak tree, they gradually lowered the other over the face of the crag. Kenneth saw it descending, like the angel of his rescue, and watched its gradual progress, till it reached the level at which he lay; and, after swinging to and fro, finally rested upon his body. But when he tried to untwine his benumbed arms from the branches round which they had so long been clinging, he felt, almost with despair, that he could not stir. Those above tried with shouts to encourage him, and to persuade him to tie the rope round his waist. He could not. Neither could he raise his hoarse and feeble voice to make them hear. They began to be quite at a loss what to do, and almost to doubt whether life were not fled. In this emergency, Mr. Cameron, the minister of Linn-head, was seen coming up the road mounted on his rough little Shetland pony. He had been assisting in the celebration of the Sacrament the preceding day, and having remained to spend the evening with his fellow-ministers, whom that occasion had collected together, was returning, at this early hour, to his home and his

duties, principally to be in readiness for his beloved and favourite pupil Kenneth. He wondered to see so many of his parishioners assembled, but a few words explained the whole; and, surprised and agitated as he was by the suddenness of the shock, he retained presence of mind sufficient to direct what was best to be done. "Some one must be lowered to his assistance," said he. Malcolm immediately volunteered himself; and while the active young Highlander drew up the rope, and fastened it round his own waist, Mr. Cameron went to support Angus. All the strength present assisted in lowering Malcolm, who guided himself by a long stick, which he held in his hand, and by which he kept himself from striking against the rock. Having reached the proper station, he planted one foot firmly on a slight projection, and, steadying himself with his stick, this active and powerful young man stooped down, loosened Kenneth's hands, and grasping the poor exhausted boy with his strong muscular arm, gave the signal to be drawn up. As they slowly ascended, he held his drooping charge firmly, yet tenderly, and, with surprising skill and dexterity, guided their course, till,

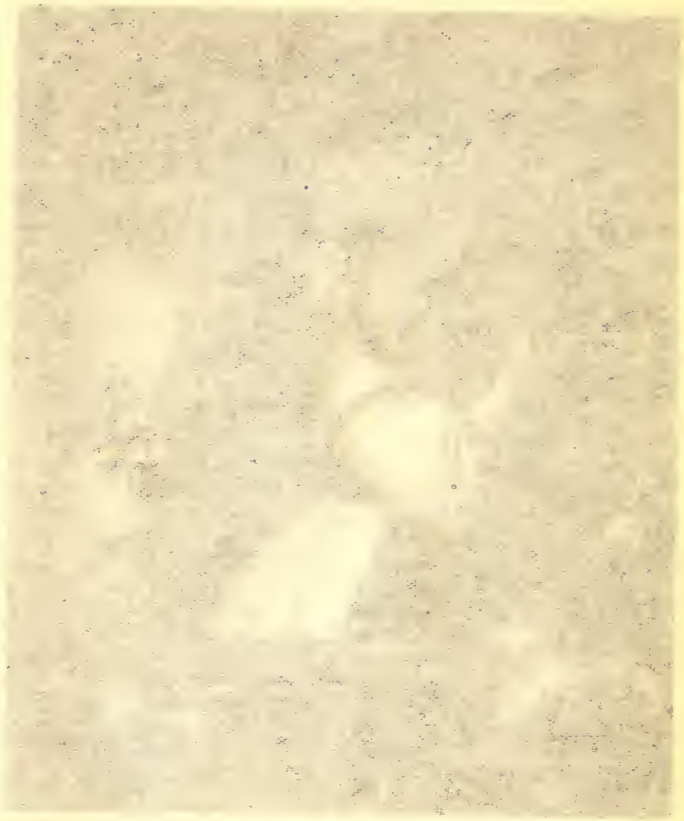
with great exertion, and some little difficulty, they safely reached the top.

Mr. Cameron no sooner saw Kenneth safely laid in his father's arms, and had ascertained that, though fainting, life was not extinct, than, leaving all the rest to follow slowly, he mounted his pony, and rode briskly forward to break the joyful tidings to poor Marion. When he entered the cottage, which the care of her kind neighbours had restored to its wonted look of comfort, she rose to meet him with calmness and composure, but with a face, on which one night seemed to have done the work of years. "Oh! Mr. Cameron, you are come, indeed, to the house of mourning; have you heard all?"—"Yes, my good Marion, I have seen Angus."—"And have they found——" She could say no more; her tears choked her. "Yes, they have, Marion," said the good pastor, hardly knowing how to break it to her; "your son shall live again."—"I know," replied the devout Christian mother, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Oh! Mr. Cameron, our hearts' desire for him was, that he should serve the Lord in his courts here below, and if he calls him so soon to stand in the holy of holies,

what are we, that we should gainsay his will? and yet, it is hard to say, Thy will be done!" Mr. Cameron was so much affected, that it was some time before he could say, "Marion, the Lord's arm is not shortened, that he cannot save; and what is impossible with men, is possible with God." Marion lifted up her eyes, with an expression of wild doubt. Lilias sprung forward, and seized his hand, and the neighbours drew round inquiringly. "Yes! my friends, he has been wonderfully delivered, and he is yet living; but Marion," he added, observing that she turned deadly pale, "you must command yourself. He has suffered severely, and his life may depend on your composure, and ability to do all that may be required for him. Now, my good friends, prepare a warm bed, and get all things in readiness." While the other women were busying themselves according to their minister's desire, the mother and daughter, with their arms round each other, were standing on the threshold, looking out for the first sight of him who had been lost, but was found, while Mr. Cameron gently related to them the history of his wonderful escape, mingling with his relation words of religious comfort and exhortation, which

fell like balm upon their hearts. At last the party came slowly up, bearing Kenneth on a rude litter, which they had hastily put together. As he crossed the threshold of his home once again, his mother and sister quietly kissed his cold pallid cheek, and he opened his eyes on them with a look of love. He was laid in his warm bed, and they proceeded to restore warmth and animation by cordials, and by rubbing his limbs with spirits. But whether their applications were too stimulating, or it was the natural effect of his long exposure to the cold, added to the blow on his head, fever rapidly came on, and, for several days, he lay in violent delirium. It almost broke the hearts of those who were watching by his bedside, to hear his screams of horror, and broken snatches of prayer and supplication, which showed that he was continually living over again that fearful night. The following Sabbath, all the little congregation of Linn-head joined, as with one heart, in their minister's fervent intercession, that the life, already so wonderfully delivered, might yet once more be spared. Their prayers were granted; youth and a good constitution, aided by the unwearied and judicious care of his affectionate nurses, triumphed

over the disease. That once subdued, his strength rapidly returned, and, on the third Sunday after, Kenneth, supported by his father and mother, and followed by his sister, again entered the sanctuary, and took his accustomed place there; and when they all kneeled in prayer, their hearts burned within them, as Mr. Cameron poured forth their thanksgivings to the Almighty.



THE CANARY.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

Anna. Uncle, have you seen my beautiful pet? William has given me the sweetest little Canary you ever saw, and I have hung its cage just outside of my study window. It sings like a professor! As I was practising upon my harp, this morning, the dear little creature actually seemed to be mocking me, for whenever I touched the higher notes, it poured out such a flood of song, that I was almost afraid its tiny heart would break with ambition. They say that birds sometimes sing themselves to death while trying to imitate the flute or flagelet: is it true?

Uncle Thomas. I should not wonder if they did; for there are many other beautiful things that, not content with breaking their own hearts, contrive to break their parents' credit too, in the vain attempt to equal others in some whim or other, altogether beneath the dignity of their own natural endowments.

Your pet is more reasonable than many other pets, for there is more soul in song than in mere plumage. If your Canary is emulous of the twanging of a few pieces of brass wire, it will not break its heart because its plumage is not so rich as that of the humming-bird. Scarlet is an elegant colour for the shoulders of a tanager, that hardly sings at all, but it would be extremely unbecoming on those of a nightingale. Excepting the "red, red rose,"—and she is a queen among flowers in her own right,—there are very few gaudy blossoms that yield us any sweetness; and birds of the richest plumage are remarkable for having no other excellence to recommend them.

Anna. I know what you mean very well, uncle. You are ridiculing me because I was teasing mamma, yesterday, for a scarlet scarf, such as Julia Peterson wore at church last Sunday. But, then, it was such a love of a scarf, and would be so becoming to my pale cheeks! I tried it on, and it made my cheeks fairly glow. If it had not been for that, I really believe I would not have received my darling little Canary; for I saw William looking at me—and such a look! The very next morning he sent me the bird and the cage.

Uncle Thomas. You are too young yet to know much about love, Anna; but you are not too young to form habits, opinions, and wishes, which may give you much unhappiness when you are older. So, you would like to win favour and affection from your friends by such false pretences as the red shade from a piece of silk upon a lily-white cheek! Well, well! It is better than rouge; that is certainly true; for it leaves no roughness or wrinkles behind: and it is even more convenient; for, when you are tired of the attachments won by your attractions, it is both easier and more graceful to toss those attractions to your maid, or pack them away in an old-clothes drawer, than to wash them off with soap and water.

Anna. Then, you censure young ladies for endeavouring to dress with taste!

Uncle Thomas. I should as soon think of censuring your Canary for pluming his wings and breast,—as he does every morning, with quite as much care as you exercise in dressing your beautiful black hair, you little silly one! But, to heighten by art, polish, and industry, the charms which we actually possess, is a very different thing from assuming those to which we have no natural claim. Yet I am not sure that

I should have censured you, Anna, for wishing to give your cheek a ruddy glow, even by the aid of a scarlet scarf, if I had not seen in your eye, what spoke as plainly as words, "I want it because Julia Peterson wore one when William danced with her at the pic-nic, last May-day." You said nothing of this to your mother, but I saw it; for I was there.

Anna. You, uncle!

Uncle Thomas. Not in the body, Anna; but I saw Julia, dressed for the excursion, handed to the carriage; and *clairvoyance* showed me the rest. Your little Canary has a voice, in his native woods—among the oleanders, and the cinnamons, the rhododendrons, and the plantain trees—that, for joyous and soul-stirring music, would shame the richest tones that ever rung from catgut; but you have caged him, and trained him, and perverted the free soul that his Maker gave him, until he actually strains his throat in the vain effort to emulate the jarring of a piece of twisted wire. Be careful lest fashion and envy should do as much for you! I love the song of a bird, sung freely in its natural voice, and with its natural cadence, almost as much as I love the merry laugh of

childhood, or the sound of your own voice, Anna, when you pour forth, half unconsciously, the childish melodies of the nursery, which you never can forget. But you and William have corrupted the bird, and spoiled his taste;—I will not see your pet!

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

How shall I begin my tale? The Lady Margaretta, like most heroines, was very beautiful, and, like the rustic heroine in the old song, her "face was her fortune." For, though her noble father, the Count Morona, could trace his long line of ancestry up to the flood, he left his daughter little more income than might suffice to supply her with feathers, veils, fans, and such graceful articles of female decoration. She had, however, a cousin, who, having stained the noble blood of the Moronas by allying herself to a wealthy banker in Rome, had never been permitted to approach Margaretta during her father's lifetime. This relative was a good-natured, kind-hearted personage, notwithstanding her plebeian marriage; and, when poor Margaretta found herself at sixteen an almost portionless orphan, when her noble friends kept aloof, and her patrician connexions recommended a convent

as the best and safest place for her future residence, the banker's dame ended the matter by offering her the substantial advantages of a home and a protector.

True it was, that this good Samaritan had neither an elegant person nor refined manners. Notwithstanding her illustrious birth, she had evidently far more enjoyment as the bustling important wife of the wealthy man of business, than she would have experienced in the graceful languor of a fine lady existence. But she promised from the first that, if Margaretta would accept the shelter of her home, she would neither seek to control her movements, nor interfere with her pursuits; and she kept her word. Even when Signor Vallina, the richest old miser in Rome, proffered himself and his riches to the fair orphan's acceptance, her worthy hostess interfered no further with her decision than to hint that it was a pity to throw away so excellent a match, and, with sundry shrugs and sighs, to wonder what the world would come to at last!

Many people said that Margaretta was proud as well as poor, because she seldom mixed in scenes of extravagant gaiety, was fond of the quiet of her own chamber, and, above all, had refused the Signor Val-

lina; but, verily, in the evil sense of the word, she was *not* proud. She was uniformly kind, and courteous, and gentle, to every living creature. In proportion to her slender means, her charities were large, for she was never too poor to give, even when her generosity called for the exercise of self-denial. Many a pretty toy, many a new trinket, did she forego, that the sum laid apart for its purchase might be converted into food and raiment for the poor. Not one of *these* would have accused her of haughtiness. Yet it was not that Margaretta was unaware of her own beauty, or indifferent to its adornment. When she *did* appear in public, she was always desirous of appearing to advantage, and it was universally acknowledged, even by those who denied the supremacy of her personal charms, that her taste in dress was perfect. Therefore, the sacrifice of a becoming wreath or a handsome plume was not altogether so small a matter to her as some persons may think. "If I were but rich!" was the thought of her heart, many a time, when balancing between the purchase of some graceful trifle and the relief of some suffering fellow-creature. I am happy to add that the struggle most generally terminated, as it should, in the triumph of

benevolence over vanity; but, if ever it were otherwise, I can safely affirm the crime carried its punishment along with it. The Lady Margaretta was too tender-hearted to feel pleasure, when wearing a gaud which appeared to her purchased by the additional suffering of a human being.

And had Margaretta no lovers, then, except a rich ugly old miser? Was a creature so beautiful to be left to pine in loneliness, simply because she was poor and dependent? Even so. She was never seen, but fifty admiring cavaliers followed her steps, hung on her words, and contended for her hand in the dance. But there were heiresses in Rome, and the Lady Margaretta was not an heiress.

There are women in the world, who, without much thought for the future, would have made the most of their position, and enjoyed the incense offered before the shrine of their beauty to the uttermost. There are others, who, looking forward to the time when the spell of their power must be broken, would have sighed over the prospect of a cheerless and dowerless age, when they should have to retire alone from the scene of their profitless triumphs. Not so Margaretta. The flattery was very sweet, and she did

not deny to herself that she was pleased with it; but there was one deep clear eye that found no tongue to echo its eloquence, whose lightest glance was dearer to her than the most honeyed compliment that human lips ever framed. The prospect of lonely age would have been drear; but somehow her future never looked lonely. A dream of old age did, indeed, sometimes pass over the mirror of her thoughts, but it was of a happy and honourable age, with "children's children round her knees:" and, in the humble home where in her vision she ever seemed to dwell, if her own form looked less upright and her own cheek less roseate, there too was the figure of Alberti, with the dark eye somewhat tamed, the hair, now chestnut brown, turned to silvery white, yet the same bright smile, the same rich manly voice as ever.

Alberti was a young painter, as yet little known beyond a small circle of friends; but there were judges of art among these, who scrupled not to prophesy a brilliant career of fame and profit to the youth, and that at no distant period. That he loved Margaretta with that intense and passionate worship which beauty like hers could scarcely fail to inspire in one so full of genius and feeling, was perfectly true:

and she was as perfectly aware of the fact; though the painter had never breathed it to any human being. For, poor and lowly born, and, as yet, almost unknown, how might the artist venture to speak of love to the only child of Count Morona, even though she were as poor as himself? "If I were but rich!"—again and again the thought of what happiness riches would *now* bring her came into Margaretta's mind, for she never perceived they would be an additional barrier between Alberti and herself—"then," she thought, "I might dare to give him some little encouragement; then the very feeling that he might fear refusal might teach me how to show him he had not so much to dread; but now! Ah, high birth is surely but a bitter boon, when it is given without its fitting sister—wealth!" And so would Margaretta often muse, and yet she was not unhappy, for every time she met Alberti she was more convinced than ever that he loved her, and Hope prophesied in her heart that the time would yet come when the cloud would pass away, and they might venture to speak of all that filled their souls.

Now, suppose it a lovely summer night. The scene is a garden, with gleaming fountains, and quaint

parterres, and white statues glancing amidst shrubberies of dark laurels and myrtles, and the persons are Margaretta and Alberti.

They are walking slowly down one of the long grassy glades that lead from the more open part of the gardens to a thick grove of flowering trees and shrubs. He cannot see her face, but he can feel the faint quick beating of her heart beneath the arm he has ventured to pass round her waist. The hour she looked for has come at last; she has heard from his own lips that he loves her, but now she must hear also his excuses, his entreaties that she will pardon him, for having thus forgotten the difference, the great gulf that her noble descent has set between them. And then, taking alarm at the hopeless tone in which he speaks of the future, Margaretta ventures to combat his scruples, and to prove that they are only equals. "If I have an honourable name," said the maiden, while her voice trembled with agitation, "what else have I to set for one moment against the Heaven-bestowed gift that will yet lift your own above those of princes! Am I not as poor, nay, even poorer than yourself? Oh, that for your sake I were but rich?"

"Ah, dearest," said the painter, "how would you *then* overmatch me; or how might I dare to dream it possible that you could ever be my own? But now, when I am far away, struggling to win the fame and fortune, without which I would not again venture to speak of the love that fills my inmost heart;—now may I not live on in the hope that you will remember me, and aid me with your wishes and your prayers?"

What Margaretta said matters not; but the moon was high in the clear heavens before the lovers parted, and, as Alberti returned to his lonely dwelling, his heart beat high against a braid of rich dark hair, just severed from the abundant tresses of the fair Margaretta.

The morrow saw the young painter's departure for another land; and months went by, nay, even years, yet his name was never spoken in the presence of the devoted woman, whose whole real existence was coloured by her attachment to him. She never named his name, for she saw he was soon forgotten by all but herself, and she shrank from introducing the subject on which she could have conversed for ever. But, while she preserved her usual round of graceful employment and judicious charity, while she

might still be occasionally seen amidst scenes of festivity, while all her outward life seemed the same, a new, dreamy world of hope and anticipations was created within her. The under-current of her thought was still Alberti. His image was with her by day and by night; and how much more real it seemed than the living beings around her! Surely the love that could so live and strengthen during that long unbroken absence, must have had a deep and pure spring in Margaretta's heart!

So passed two long years, and then an event took place which set all Rome on the *qui vive* at once, and materially altered the position of our heroine. The Signor Vallina died just as she had refused him for the seventh time, and it was found that he had left her sole heiress to all his vast wealth. In short, Margaretta rose one morning a poor, dependent orphan, and lay down at night the wealthiest woman in Rome. Indeed, though the deceased miser was known to have been immensely rich, nobody was aware of the extent of his possessions. There was money invested in every possible way. There was an old mansion in a retired street, shabby enough on the outside, but crammed to repletion with all kinds

of rare and curious things; and there was a fine villa a few miles from the city, which, though terribly out of repair, was capable of being converted into a splendid residence, at a comparatively small cost. To the Lady Margaretta, this was the most valued of all her possessions; for she determined to retire for a while to its seclusion, and await the return of him on whom all her earthly hopes were centred.

But she waited not with the calm and patient spirit that had upheld her through the first two years of his absence. She knew that a long and weary time must elapse before Alberti would achieve the independence which might enable him to offer her even an humble home; but now, now, if he were only beside her!

No more weary waiting, no more doubt and fear; she had wealth for both, enough and to spare. And what was that wealth without him? Had she but known where he sojourned, could she but let him know the change in her fortunes—but their engagement had been too vague and too secret to admit of a correspondence between them; and, though Alberti was prospering in his art in other lands, the voice of his fame was not yet loud enough to be echoed back in his own. Yet with the high faith, that would not

for a moment relax its strictness, Margaretta still looked forward to the return of her humble lover, and steadily resisted all the importunities of the suitors who now crowded around her. Disgusted with their sycophancy, she soon refused to see any one, save a few well-known friends, and caused a report to be circulated that she was already betrothed, and that her marriage would speedily take place. All the curiosity of her disappointed admirers, however, failed to discover the name of the favoured lover; so each man looked suspiciously on his neighbour, and a very general epidemic of jealousy spread rapidly among the youth of Rome.

And was he less constant than Margaretta?—had time and absence weakened the first bright impression which her beauty had made on his young fancy? No; amidst all the radiant creations of his pencil, there was not one so fair as the memory cherished in his heart. Yet that very memory mingled with all his works, and influenced them with its exquisite beauty. Did he paint a more enchanting face than usual, be sure that its eyes, or mouth, or brow, or whatever was its loveliest feature, bore some resemblance to Margaretta's. He grew celebrated for the

sweetness of his female faces—for the mingled softness and intelligence which he managed to diffuse over them; and that graceful yet intellectual style of beauty was peculiarly Margaretta's. Sitters crowded the artist's humble studio, and, as he was simple and frugal in his habits, he was almost every day enabled to add something to the sum which he had resolved within himself should attain a certain amount ere he again sought the favour of the beautiful orphan. In a time—far shorter than he had dared to hope—that sum was realized; and, with a heart beating with strange hopes and fears, the artist set out for his native city. He had pictured to himself, full many a time, the return to Rome, the cloudless sky, the glorious buildings, the familiar scenes that should take him back at once to the days of his boyhood, and make the time of his absence appear like a weary dream. But he had *not* pictured to himself his orphan Margaretta as the richest heiress and most coveted prize in the papal dominions. His first feeling was of strong incredulity—his next, of blank and bitter amazement. And scarcely had his mind comprehended the fact of her changed position, when the additional information that she was on the eve of

marriage with a distinguished noble was poured into his recoiling ear. This, then, was the end of all his dreams, and hopes, and aspirations! He felt utterly crushed—cast down for ever! He could not blame her. Why had he not sought to establish some communication between them during his lengthened absence?—why had he so foolishly measured her constancy by his own? And how could he blame the inheritrix of a princely fortune, if she forgot the vows given to a lowly painter, when she was scarcely less lowly herself, and sought her consort amidst her equals in wealth and station? He resolved to see her once more, and with this intention set out for her residence; but his courage failed him when he drew near, and he contented himself with writing a few lines of farewell, which he entrusted to a domestic. In these he gave her back her promise, exempted her from all blame, and ended by bidding her an everlasting adieu, intimating that it was his intention to quit Rome immediately, and spend the remainder of his days in a foreign land.

All Paris rang with the fame of a newly-arrived artist, who had in his studio a female portrait of the

most exquisite beauty. He was an Italian, but there seemed to be some mystery about him; and from his frequent inattention when addressed, and other circumstances, there was reason to believe his name was a feigned one. A less circumstance would have drawn the public gaze on any man in Paris, and therefore it is no wonder that the young and handsome artist became an object of general attention.

The portrait, too—the only picture in his apartment—it was so *charmante*, so *spirituelle!* All the ladies were enchanted at the idea of having their charms transferred to canvass by one who dressed his figures so becomingly! But they were doomed to be disappointed. The Signor Lorenzo did not intend painting female portraits for the future. The effort of his pencil they were so good as to admire was the last he meant to attempt. If they were obliging enough to recommend him to their fathers, brothers, and admirers, he would be most grateful for their patronage, but must decline the exceeding honour they wished to do him. And yet the Signor had daily visits from his fair suppliants; it seemed as if it were a strife among themselves which should overcome the painter's obstinacy.

At length came two ladies, whose peculiarities of dress and gait told him they were not Frenchwomen, and, moreover, that they were countrywomen of his own. Was it, then, the sight of the national garb of his own land that caused his head to turn dizzy, and his knees to tremble beneath him? Was it the familiar language, with its Roman accentuation, that compelled him to fall on his knees before one of the visiters, and beseech her for pity's sake to remove her veil? Oh no! there was more than this;—the slight elegant figure, the rich tresses escaping from the mufflings, the sweet low voice, could only belong to one—could be none other's than Margaretta's. The original of the solitary portrait was before him! Yes; she had seen at once the misconception under which he had quitted Rome, had never rested till she had traced him through his wanderings, and penetrated his disguise; and now she came before him to explain all that needed explanation, and to assure him that her faith, tried long in adversity, had also borne without change the harder trial of prosperity.

Could such a romance have any ending but one? Surely not; and a few weeks saw its legitimate conclusion; for the painter was united to the fair orphan

immediately on their return to Rome. The scene of the marriage was the lady's country-house;—and, though its celebration was comparatively private, not only some tried and valued friends, including the guardians of her girlhood, were invited, but many of those who had experienced her gentle and sympathizing kindness—ay, even the lame, the halt, and the blind—were permitted to be present. Perhaps, it is not too much to say, that the prayers and blessings of those whom her charity had relieved went as warmly to the heart of the lovely bride as those of her nobler guests, not excepting those of the Lord Cardinal, who pronounced the nuptial benediction.

WHAT DO YOU LOVE BEST?

A DISPUTE AMONG THE YOUNG ONES.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

MARY.

I LOVE the green grass,
  Ever green and free,
Smiling on the hill-top,
  Waving o'er the lea;
Loving, meek, and lowly,
  Clinging to the ground,
Like a spirit pure and calm,
  It wraps the earth around.

WILLIE.

I love the streamlet,
Coursing through the scene;
Freer than the green grass,
Brighter in its sheen;
Brightest in the sunshine,
Deepest in the shade,
Every where the blithest thing
Our heavenly Father made.

RICHARD.

I love the storm-cloud,
Dark, and fierce, and high,
Ghostlike in its black shroud,
With its light'ning eye;
Terrible in brightness,
Terrible in gloom,
Lowering o'er the awe-struck earth,
Like a threat of coming doom.

EMMA.

I love the sunlight,
  Bursting through the gloom,
Like a spirit 'scaping
  From the dreary tomb;
Looking on me sweetly
  With its angel smile,
As my father sometimes looks
  And blesses me the while.

ALICE.

I love the moss-rose,
  Diamond among flowers,
Essence of the sunlight,
  Glory of the showers;
Eloquent in beauty,
  The embodiment of song;
Warmest of the loving hearts,
  Among the floral throng!

MARGARET.

I love the night-star,
  Large, and deep, and clear,
Dwelling near to heaven, yet
  Holding earth as dear;
All the day it gathers
  Brightness from above,
All the night it pours the light
  On earth in watchful love!

ALL.

All of us love Mary,
  Blithe, and good, and true,
Pure as morning sunlight,
  Fresh as morning dew;
Sweeter than the moss-rose,
  Rarest of the flowers,
Brighter than the blushing sky
  Of vernal morning hours:—

Minded like the streamlet
Wandering through the glade,
Bright in pleasure's sunshine,
Deep in sorrow's shade;
Hearted like the green grass,
Gentle, lowly, pure,
But, with wider scope of love,
And stronger to endure:—

Though her pure soul gazes
Upward to the sky,
All may freely gather
Love-beams from her eye;
Bright-eyed like the night-star,
Large, and deep, and clear,
Lovelier light than the beam of night
Floods forth from her glances dear.

MARY JANE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

MARY JANE.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

Thou art not very pretty,
And thou art not very plain;
There's little found about thee
That should make thee very vain.

Thy hair is not the darkest,
Nor the fairest I have seen;
Thou'rt neither blond nor brunette,
But may rank the two between.

Thy brow is rather heavy,
And decidedly too long;
Thy features somewhat bulky,
And thy figure rather strong.

And yet there's that about thee
That would make us look again,
And, spite of mediocrity,
I like thee, Mary Jane.

Thy eyes are widely parted,
With a forehead broad and high,
There's room enough for thought there,
And for generosity.

Thy lips are full and rounded,
With a liberal breadth of nose;
And, of the noble-hearted,
The most certain signs are those.

Large windows, where the sunshine
Flows in upon the soul,
Are curtained by those eyelids,
And illuminate the whole.

Then, though thou'rt not a beauty,
Yet thou art not very plain;
And, spite of mediocrity,
I love thee, Mary Jane.

THE COUSINS.

BY ELIZA ARMATHWAITE.

ADELAIDE and Edward Montague were cousins. Adelaide was the eldest and loveliest of the daughters of Sir George Montague, a general officer, a baronet, and K. C. B. Edward was the orphan child of his younger brother, the handsome and elegant Charles Montague, who, dying early, had bequeathed to this brother's love his only and motherless infant.

At the age of twenty-one, Edward was as handsome and as elegant as his father had been; as frank, as generous, as true-hearted; a child to his affectionate uncle and aunt, a brother to his cousins, who loved him, and, in fact, always regarded him as one of themselves. He had been left with a small patrimony, which, during his long minority, and under the fostering care of his uncle, had gradually increased, until, on coming of age, he found himself possessed of a thousand a-year—a handsome portion

for a bachelor already provided with a home, and with all the luxuries of his uncle's establishments completely at his command. But Edward Montague had no wish to *remain* a bachelor; he was already the devoted slave of his fair cousin, and already he had formed a thousand plans of happiness, in all of which *she* was the beacon, the star, the sunlight of that future heaven; and, without her, no stars, no sun, no heaven.

Such was the state of his heart when, one morning, Sir George called him into the library, and questioned him as to his wishes respecting a profession. "You are independent, dear Edward," he said, "and, as long as I live, you have a home; but it is time, if you desire to enter any profession, that you should make your choice, and allow me to use my interest in your behalf. You are rather past the age for entering the army, but I have no doubt I can manage to procure you a commission; or, should you prefer a diplomatic situation, I dare say I can also help you on in that line. But only say, my dear boy, what are your own feelings on the subject. Your aunt and myself earnestly hope that you will choose a life

of idleness, or rather, I should say, one that will keep you near, if not entirely with us."

Edward's thoughts reverted to Adelaide. "I will go and ask Ad—" he stammered out; "I mean I will go and think it over; and let me thank you, my dear uncle, for your kindness, your more than kindness to me, throughout my life; and now—and ever—I know not what to say—I——"

"Say nothing, my dear boy; and go and 'think it over,' by all means, but let me know your decision speedily; there's a good fellow. Now, be off!"

So Edward went to look for Adelaide; and he found her seated upon a rustic seat, under a large tree, in the midst of a close shrubbery, where they had met together many times in the last fifteen years, during their happy childhood, during their happy youth, growing together in beauty and in love, as the tree above and the shrubs around them. They had grown in beauty and in love, indeed; but in him and in her how different the beauty, and how different the love!

In him that love had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, till childhood became youth, and youth manhood; it had changed from

cousinly fondness and boyish admiration into love, the most deep, sincere, and earnest love—without change or interval—which absence could not weaken, over which time had no power. Her beauty was like that of the sun at noonday—a perfect glory. She was the most dazzling, the most radiant of God's creatures; and this natural and most rare loveliness was heightened and enhanced by every additional charm that art or education could bestow. That one so gifted should have many admirers is not to be wondered at; neither can we marvel if so much flattery should have its due effect in rendering the fair Adelaide vain, capricious, self-willed, careless of the happiness and comfort of others, valuing as nothing the homage of the many, and thinking but lightly of the deep affection of the few, above all, of that cousin who lived for her alone. She loved him, indeed, but not as he deserved to be loved—not as he loved her.

"I have been waiting for you *so* long, Edward!" said Adelaide, rather peevishly; "where *have* you been?"

"Dear Adelaide, pray forgive me; you know I

couldn't help it; you heard my uncle call me into the library."

"Yes, I know; but you have been *so* long?"

"Well, dearest, I have come now to tell you all about it—to ask you to advise me, to decide for me, in fact."

"*Me* advise! *me* decide! Oh! what is it? do tell me!"

Edward seated himself by her side, and entered into a full account of all that had passed between himself and her father. He concluded by saying, "And now, Adèle, I have told you all; tell me what you wish, you desire, me to do. I have no intention of acting in any way except that which you shall direct. I have no wish to do any thing but to please you. I have no hope, no thought, no dream, with which you are not connected. I would rather die than displease you in the slightest degree, and"—his voice trembled as he spoke—"I would give the world to make you happy—as happy as the very sight of you makes me."

"Dear Edward, why you are quite pathetic to-day! And why do you ask *me?* Why don't you ask

Sophy, or Louisa, or Miss Johnson, (the governess,) or mamma, or——"

"Adèle, Adèle, you know why I ask you; do not trifle with me; but, since it is a matter of such indifference to you, I will go into the army or the navy, and leave you."

"No, no! cousin Edward, don't do that," and she slipped her arm into his, and looked most lovingly in his face; "don't go away from us—don't leave poor Adèle."

He could make no answer; but he kissed her hand once, twice, thrice, passionately; and she knew those few words had made him doubly hers.

So he told his uncle his decision, and all parties were pleased. Sir George, naturally indolent, was spared the trouble of pushing the matter further; his aunt the pain of parting with one whom she regarded as a favourite child; and his cousins the grief of losing their dear companion.

At this time Adelaide was but nineteen, in the spring of life and loveliness, in the full flush of youth and hope, the darling of her mother, the idol and ornament of every circle she entered, of every gay scene in which she took a part, the pride of her

father's and brothers' hearts, the arbitress of the destinies of "cousin Edward," the admired of all admirers, the noticed by royalty, the danced with by princes, the heroine of the day; in short, the star of the season, and of many seasons, for, from nineteen to eight-and-twenty, no one appeared whose beauty could equal hers.

Many newer faces had attracted attention for the time; many most lovely creatures had passed across the stage during this long interval: some had married, some were dead, many forgotten; many matrons, mothers, chaperons, had retired from public life, or still glittered, wan shadows of their former selves, in the halls of their ancient triumphs—but all, how changed, how faded, all, save Adelaide, who at eight-and-twenty was but the finished perfected picture of that lighter sketch, which at nineteen was as a spell of matchless beauty, charming all hearts to love.

And in *her* household, all, yes all, were changed. Those comparatively plain, unpretending sisters, the Sophy and Louisa of former days, had long been married; her brothers were all settled in the world; her father, her mother, old and infirm, had resigned the cares and the duties of fashionable life into

younger and more active hands. Adelaide alone, still looking young, fresh, blooming, beautiful, beloved, shone with undiminished lustre; and Edward, still faithful, loving, devoted, still the same, brought the same true heart, the same untired affection, and laid uncomplainingly at *her* feet these most precious jewels.

But a change is at hand; a few weeks more, and Adelaide sits in her little summer dressing-room—Adelaide Montague for the last time—gazing upon the snowy trappings of to-morrow's pageant, on the bridal wreath, on the priceless gems, gifts of her noble lover and future husband—tributes from his affection to her pride, from honest passion to her at last satisfied vanity and worldly ambition—for to-morrow Adelaide will be a duchess.

For the last time, then, behold her in her little summer dressing-room—Adelaide Montague—seated by the open window, evening on the earth and in the darkening chamber, but around her the sunlight of her own glorious beauty, with something like sadness on that broad white brow and in the depths of those blue eyes; with her gleaming golden hair,

catching the last rays of light, and falling down her white neck and shoulders, down to her very waist; the floor of her room cumbered with packages, the couches strewed with bridal finery, amid which the wreath and veil shone conspicuously; the sad night-wind murmuring through the open window, and lifting those long tresses. Behold her thus; behold, too, the door of the room slowly open; a figure enters, the door as slowly closes, and her cousin, *Cousin Edward*, stands before her.

He came towards her through the deepening gloom, and his presence smote her like a sudden blow; but she did not move. He approached, he stood before her, gazing with those dark melancholy eyes full on her burning cheek and wondering upturned look—he gazed, but never spoke; and she could bear the silence no longer. So she rose, and laid her hand upon his arm; but he took her hands in his, and, placing her back in her seat, resumed his former position.

"Edward, dear Edward!" she exclaimed, "what *is* the matter? You look ill and unhappy. Do not look so miserable. Tell me, I entreat you, what is the matter, you look so wretched!"

"So would you, Adèle, so would you," (he interrupted her, speaking quickly, and almost in a whisper,) "so would you, if you had given your whole life to a dream—and such a dream!—but it is over now, and I believe nothing can replace it—nothing *can* give me back the past," he continued, speaking with more vehemence; "can you, Adèle—can you give me back my life, my hopes, my happiness, my youth? Are not these lost for ever? And for whom? for *you!*"

She could not look him in the face; she bowed her head upon her knees and wept.

"Yes, Adèle, weep! Weep for the youth, the life, the happiness you have blighted, the heart you have broken, the hopes you have crushed—weep for the future which is before us both—but most for me!"

When she raised her head, he was seated calmly beside her on a low ottoman, which had always been his seat; but, with his eyes still fixed on her with a sternness and a sadness which she could not bear to meet.

After a pause he spoke again, but in a voice subdued and low, and somewhat monotonous.

"Adelaide, I have come to wish you happiness in

your new state, and then farewell; but, before I go, I will recount to you a brief history. Yes, brief my tale shall be; but it will be all *true*,—true indeed; for I know well the parties to whom it refers. The lady of my tale—how well I remember her—methinks I see her now—how beautiful she was and is, and not beautiful only, but gifted, so highly gifted, with talents far above the common allotment, with such brilliant accomplishments, so true a taste, so fine a perception, bending all men to her will, charming, fascinating, enslaving all. How beautiful she is! I have no words to describe her: my picture would be poor and weak as speech would give it; but in my heart it glows with deathless beauty—there it lives for ever. I can tell you, Adelaide, of that fair shape, faultless as some old Grecian statue, but not of the thousand graces, the winning ways, which accompanied every movement of that all-perfect form. I can paint the rich carnation of her cheeks, the pure ivory of her skin; those eyes, blue as those purpling heavens, bright as those stars; those ruby lips, that golden gleaming hair—I can tell you of all these, but I cannot make you *feel* the burning splendour of those orbs, or drink with rapture the gushing sweet-

ness of her voice, or see the light, the glory of that golden hair. Adelaide, *I* shall never see them more —to me they are as dead—to me they are as dead!

"All loved this fair creature; but there was *one* who loved her as never man loved before: he was the most devoted, the most passionate of lovers. He was, in all respects, inferior—oh, how immeasurably inferior to her! Poor indeed—what could he offer her? only that abounding wealth of Love, for which she had no value—only a heart—a heart!"

After a moment's silence, a slight faltering of the voice, he resumed. "He loves her still—but oh! with how deep a despair!

"Years ago he would have left her dangerous presence; he would then, perhaps, have lost in the turmoil of active life the sense of her fascinations—he might have become free. There was a wide field before him; he might have chosen well; he might have carved his way to fame and fortune; he had talents, energies, interest enough; he might have risen above his fellow-men; he might have been—all that he is not—an honour to his name and race, an ornament to his profession, a faithful servant to his country, a shining light to the many, a fit com-

panion to the few, an honoured, useful, perhaps a *happy* man: but *she* withheld him, saying, 'Stay with me,' and he stayed, and this sacrifice—for sacrifice it was—how has it been requited? what hath been his reward? Oh! Adelaide, what *should* have been his reward? Do you not pity this wretch?—for years to love, and love so well, to lay upon the altar of this passion all that men deem most precious, most worthy of attainment—fame, wealth, ambition, well-earned honours, well-merited distinctions, all renounced without a murmur to her slightest wish; and then *at last*, when the power to seize these remained no longer—when these golden opportunities had passed from his grasp for ever—when the spring of life was flown, and its summer deepening into autumn—then to find that all was in vain, and that among the most unheeded of her tributes lay that of his broken heart!

"Well; to please *her*, he has consented to a life of indolence,—to him at first most blissful indolence. He was, with some slight intervals, ever with his idol: every day increased the love he felt, every day seemed to draw them closer together. She had refused several eligible offers; and, though he knew

not that she loved him, at least she loved no one else; and, surely, years of devotion must do their work at last. And think not that he had never breathed his hopes. Oh yes, often and often! There is no shaded walk, no deep glade, no breezy hill-top, no sheltered nook, in the whole extent of her paternal domains, which has not been hallowed by the pure avowals of his love; every stately tree, every tender flower, has been the silent witness of his deep devotion. And those stars, Adelaide, those glorious burning lights, how often have *they*, even on their golden thrones, bowed to the trembling accents of a passion holy enough for *their* untainted spheres! Yes; he told his love! and she, did she return, did she permit it? At least she did not reject it. No; that homage was too dear to her to be lightly cast away. She accepted the homage—she despised the slave!

"One summer, a party of gay young people assembled at her father's country-seat, there to pass some weeks: two of these lingered long after the rest had departed; one was a young and wealthy nobleman, the other was her most intimate friend, whom I shall call Selina Vernon. Selina Vernon was the most amiable, the most gentle of beings, rich,

noble, beautiful, an orphan, and an heiress. Exposed on these accounts to a thousand trials and temptations, she stood untouched amid the vanities and corruptions of life—*in* the world, yet not *of* the world. Of a pure and lowly spirit, depreciating her own merits; fearing all things in herself; hoping all things, believing all things in others; the fondest of sisters, the truest of friends; she lived but for the welfare and happiness of those around her. She was, if such things could be, an angel upon earth. Admired and respected by all, no flattery made her vain. Beloved by many, as yet she had loved none, but, turning from all offers, seemed determined to devote her life to the tender duties of friendship, the interests and comforts of her dependants.

"Strange that this perfect creature should *love*, with all the depth and fervour of her still silent nature, one whose love was despised by her friend—love, too, without hope of return, and with an agony of bitter shame, unknown to less fine and sensitive spirits! Under the influence of this passion she drooped and pined; but no one suspected the real cause; accident discovered it to its object and to the lady of my tale at the same time.

"What a fortune was before him now! For one short hour he hesitated; a picture rose before his eyes—a picture of the life so peaceful, so calm, so contented, that he might pass with this being so divinely good, so noble, so true-hearted, so loving. He contrasted it with what he had suffered and was suffering, with the feverish anxiety of his then mode of existence, the alternations of hope and despair: he thought of all those feelings of wounded affection, of mortified pride. He drew a comparison between her character and that of his first love—the one so good, so tender, so holy, and the other so heartless, so vain, yet so brilliant, so beautiful, and still, oh! still, so dear! And then, too, *his* happiness, it had been so trifled with; *his* heart, it had been so wounded, so pierced, so wofully betrayed! Was *it*, were *these*, worth consulting, worth preserving! were these to be placed for one moment in the one scale, while *Selina's* hope of happy life lay trembling in the other? No! let him think no more of himself; let him give up all for her; let him try and make amends for those years of wasted youth, to which it was agony to look back, by a whole existence spent in her service, in ministering to her welfare, in making

her bliss, and, at last, far from the object of his yet fresh and undiminished worship, old impressions might be weakened, new hopes, new springs of happiness might be found, and he be blest, as hitherto he had never been.

"He turned away to seek Selina, but the enchantress was at his side. She had watched the conflict; she knew his secret wishes, all the thoughts passing in his mind; she laid her white hand upon his arm; she looked in his face with those dark blue eyes; and 'Stay with me,' she said; 'you must not think of leaving me, of leaving poor Adèle. I see it all; I know what it is: you are jealous of Lord H——, but you need not be so; I *must* talk to him, and entertain him; he is papa's guest, but that is all. Do not think I am going to marry him. Oh no, dear Edward! oh no! Do you think I love him, Edward? do you think I love him, or any one, as I love you?' She knew her power, and he—I cannot express to you his feelings when he heard those words—the delirium of returning hope and happiness, the passionate love, the joy, the intoxication—but no; *you* cannot understand them.

"Within a week from that time, both Selina and

Lord H—— had left the house. Lord H—— had been decidedly refused by Adelaide; and Selina made some pretext for shortening the period fixed upon for her visit. Another year, and that gentle spirit had passed away for ever. Yes, she died without pain, almost without visible decay; silent and uncomplaining to the last, she faded from a world too rough and cold for her, and she is now at rest."

He was silent, but Adelaide groaned aloud. She groaned in bitterness of spirit; she sunk upon the ground, she bowed her head upon her knees, her long inverted tresses falling forward like a veil, sweeping to the floor. "Have mercy, Edward! Spare me, spare me!"

"Mercy! What mercy have *you* shown? and whom have *you* spared? and what is this single hour to all that I have suffered and must suffer!

"But my tale shall finish here; therefore, Adelaide, raise your face; I fain would look on it once more."

She lifted up her head, flinging back those golden tresses from before the eyes they shrouded, and she gazed on him.

The gloom of night had gathered round his form;

and his face alone, pale and haggard with excitement, glared from the surrounding darkness. He spoke, and his voice sounded as from the tomb.

"Farewell, Adelaide! I leave you, and for ever. At length you have met with a suitor after your own heart—titled, wealthy, powerful. I pray God we may never meet again—but may you be happy—be happy! Yet strive not to forget me—it will be in vain. Think rather, when flushed with the homage of the noble and the great, when listening to the love, the worship of others—in the fulness of all gratified wishes, in the glorious summer of perfect beauty, in the calmer lustre of autumnal matronhood, in the honoured pride of age—think of him with whom the golden spring of youth was shared, the summer of whose life you have blighted, whose age, for you, shall be dark and cheerless!

"Yes, Adelaide, think of my lost youth, my wasted manhood, my failing health, my broken heart;—think of all that I have lost for your sake! No, not lost, but cheerfully resigned—but think of all that is gone for ever, that nothing can replace—my aimless, hopeless existence, the years that are before me, the hours that I must pass; and remember that he whom

you have so treated, so tortured, prays, with the last accents that he shall ever breathe to you, that for these things there may be no retribution!"

And often did the diamond coronet of strawberry leaves press heavily on the brow of the Duchess of L——. No children blessed her union; no pleasant household voices greeted her approach to the stately halls, chilly in their solitary grandeur; no sweet faces "gleamed in the fire-light of social winter evenings." There was no joy for her at home, and less abroad. Her cousin Edward died. She had never loved her own family. The duke, tired of her silent beauty, angry at her neglect of those talents which had won him equally with her exceeding loveliness, was little at home. There was not one in the world who heeded whether she were in it or not. She was without a friend, without an occupation, without hope. Truly, Edward was revenged.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

I.

THE mother's hearth is lone, her child hath roamed away—
A truant from the morning meal, 'till now the close of day;
And whither he hath wandered, what field-path he hath crossed,
She knows not, but distractedly is seeking for her *lost!*

II.

He used to play so cheerfully about the cottage door,
No wanderer after bee and bird—he loved his mother more!
And now, though every spot she 'd searched within the village ground,
She dared not meet her husband's face until his boy was found.

Where wild nuts grow, and blackberries their tempting treasure bear,
She sought, she asked each cotter's girl—but none had seen him there;
She told them of his fair young face, his sunny curls, his years,
But when she strove to tell them more, she could not for her tears.

III.

Away she sped, o'er upland field; and by the orchard bank,
Until she neared a rushy brook, whose bridge was but a plank;
And, half afraid to look therein, she hurried o'er and found
Two footprints small—the mother knelt, and kissed the grassy ground!

IV.

Two little footprints o'er the bridge, beside the golden plain;
And 'midst the grass a flower-crushed spot, as where a child had lain;

And scattered rushes wild about showed where his feet had strayed—
Her child had crossed the dangerous brook, and must have reached the glade:—

V.

The forest glade, that lonesome track, where 'neath dry leaf and weed
The viper hides his venomed fang, and noxious insects breed;
Where—Ah!—Was that a garment moved? She rushed into the wood.—
Alas, 't was but the hawthorn gray, before whose boughs she stood!

VI.

By thicket and wild brake she searched, but every trace was gone;
It could not be so mere a child thus far had rambled on:
And, sinking down bewildered, unknowing how to stir,
She heard a voice,—a little voice,—but oh! 'twas bliss to her!

VII.

And forth he ran, the truant one, and clasped his mother's knees,
Put up his fruit-stained lips to kiss, and tried each art to please;
And bade the weeper not to cry, although his own poor cheek
Showed traces of his day's long tears in many a piteous streak.

VIII.

And in that wood the mother sat, and pointed to the sky,
And bade her boy remember,—He who'd watched him from on high
Had sent an influence down to guard his little footsteps there;—
So, with her child, the mother knelt, and blessed her God in prayer.

THE END.